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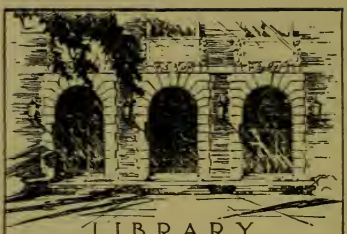

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WARWICK CASTLE,

An Historical Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MISS PRICKETT.

DEDICATED

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL.

Containing, amongst other desultory Information, the Descent and Achievements of the Ancient Earls of Warwick, from the earliest Period of their Creation to the present Time. With some Account of Warwick, Birmingham, Lemington, Kenilworth, Stratford-upon-Avon, &c. &c.; interspersed with Pieces of Local Poetry, Incidental Biography, and Authentic Anecdotes of English History.

"I bring no ensigns of surprise:
Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes.
No spirits summon'd from the tomb
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
And horrid customary forms:
But with Decorum's needful grace,
Keep to the laws of time and place." CHURCHILL.

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WARWICK CASTLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. CARLTON, the early tutor of Lord Montague and his deceased brother, a man of the most refined sense and unblemished character, had for many years resided on a valuable living in Cumberland, in the gift of the Montague family, and of which Montague himself was at this period the actual patron. Beauchamp, the late Lord Montague, had been early taken from his care, and placed at Westminster School; but Montague himself, destined from infancy to a different path in life, had been educated solely under this

estimable character, till the profession which he had chosen rendered it necessary to remove him to the personal superintendence of his father's friend, General Aylmer.

To this part of his youth he looked back with grateful pleasure; for Dr. Carlton had not been more his tutor than his friend, and he had grown up in sentiments of affectionate respect for him. Some part of every succeeding year he had been accustomed to pass with him at his residence in Cumberland; and, as the shooting season set in, the venerable Doctor became even peevishly tenacious of the feathered tenantry of his glebe, lest the amusement of his favourite pupil should be curtailed or interrupted. Engrossed by the superior duty of his military service, some years had now elapsed since Montague had paid his accustomed visit to Dr. Carlton; but satisfied that he should still be a welcome guest to him, he had

made up his mind to pass the period of Lord Maynooth's danger at his Parsonage, situated in the beautiful vale of Keswick, at nearly the distance of three hundred miles from London. Montague's wound, though but slight, was nevertheless extremely painful; and although we travelled with as much haste as his comfort would permit, it was not until the evening of the fifth day after leaving Richmond, that we came within reach of those stupendous heights, amongst which, in the most romantic part of Cumberland, stood the Doctor's abode, and where—

> "——— The mountains huge appear
> Emerging: their broad bare backs upheaved
> Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky."

The high road wound by a circuitous route along the bottom of one of these vast ascents, and Montague well acquainted with each "dingle, brake, and bushy dell," proposed to alight from the

carriage; and taking an upper path which led amongst the cliffs to the Parsonage, on the other side of the mountain, by a shorter direction than the post road, we left the servants to proceed with the carriage by the usual route, and announce our arrival to the Doctor, whilst we seized the resplendent moment of the sun setting amongst the mountains to catch a hasty glance of the picturesque scenery which surrounded us. Hills rose on hills above those we had previously ascended, and as these faded from our sight an endless chain still succeeded. The prospect was indescribably sublime, and the grandeur of the view was considerably heightened by the singular effect of the sun-beams, which, partially lingering on the tops of some of the distant mountains, enveloped their recesses in a sort of dubious twilight, while they lent the quivering splendour of lightning to those where their parting glories yet remained as if

unwilling to desert this magnificent scene. Before us another towering steep lost its grey head amidst the clouds, whose sides, thickly tufted with foliage, bore evident marks of superior cultivation; and here, most romantically situated at its foot, and sheltered by a thick grove of spreading beech, lay the promised home of our destination.

As we leisurely ascended the winding path which led over some of these craggy heights by a short descent on the other side to the Parsonage, and gazed around us in admiration of the inimitable prospect it afforded, the heavy tolling of a bell, borne upon the breeze from the village church below, struck upon our ears, and as by a sudden turn amongst the cliffs we came within sight of the Parsonage, seated in the valley at our feet, a funeral procession slowly issued from its doors! Montague started, and suddenly changed colour; a presentiment of ill seemed to dart across his

mind. He paused for an instant, and with his eyes shaded by his hand to aid his vision more accurately, endeavoured to distinguish amidst the melancholy groupe the well-known figure of his reverend friend. The mournful train soon lost itself amongst the trees; and, apparently unwilling to give utterance to his fears, he hurried me over the steep, beyond which, at a few yards distance, he said, stood the gardener's cottage, "and there," said he, "I can at once ascertain the meaning of what we have seen." We increased our pace, and as we came within sight of the cottage, situated about half way down the side of the mountain, and suspended as it were like an eagle's nest amongst the clouds, he instantly discovered from its improved appearance that some considerable change had taken place in its inhabitants. The place had received all the embellishment of which it was capable: an air of simple elegance marked

its external appearance, and as we approached the open gate of a low and tufted plantation stretching along the front, a genteel young woman dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by a nursery maid and two or three children, ascended by the path which overlooked the valley beneath us. She was evidently weeping, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes as she approached would probably have entered the cottage without perceiving us, had not the little boy at her side, unused to the sight of strangers, and terrified at the appearance of a large dog, a petted favourite which occasionally followed Montague, tugged lustily at her dress, and shrieked with infantine alarm. She raised her eyes, and bending gracefully as she passed, though with some confusion, was entering the plantation, when Montague, his hat in his hand, apologizing for detaining her, briefly stated that we were friends of Dr. Carlton, and then on our

road with the intention of making a visit at his Parsonage; but that, having quitted our carriage to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, we had been alarmed, causelessly as he hoped, by the melancholy sight we had just beheld. The lady's tears streamed afresh as she falteringly pronounced the confirmation of our fears. Dr. Carlton had been dead a week, and was this evening carried to his "long home." Her husband, she informed us, was his curate, and was at this moment paying the last duties to his departed friend.

Much shocked at this intelligence, Montague now scarcely knew how to proceed—the carriage by this time, he believed, must have reached the Parsonage, from which we were still nearly a mile distant, and our new acquaintance so earnestly pressed us to rest ourselves at the cottage till the return of her husband, that we gratefully availed ourselves of her civility in the hope that,

upon learning our situation, he would put us in some method of getting our equipage recalled time enough for us to return to the inn, which we had left at the last stage, before it grew quite dark.

Our interesting hostess had ordered some slight refreshment of cakes and fruit to be placed on the table. The little boy, by this time perfectly reconciled to the dog, and attracted by the novel appearance of my gold watch-chain, had climbed upon my knee, and we were beginning to grow vastly intimate, while Montague, whose plans were completely disarranged by this event, sat thoughtfully silent, when the door opened, and the Curate made his appearance. Pausing however at the unexpected sight of visitors of our description, he regarded us for an instant with silent amazement, then darting forwards—

"Montague!" exclaimed he with

joyful surprise, "is it possible? Am I indeed so happy?"

"Cary!" cried Montague starting with equal astonishment, and shaking him fervently by the hand, "by Heaven! I rejoice to see you!" This meeting was indeed as agreeable as it was unlooked for; for Montague and the Curate, as it appeared, were old acquaintance. Mr. Cary's elder brother, a baronet of an ancient family, was in Montague's regiment, and this young man had formerly been in habits of intimacy with the officers of the corps, till a marriage, imprudent only from the circumstance of the lady's want of fortune, having offended his family a short time before his father's death, the old gentleman had persevered in his resentment of it to the last, and leaving the whole of his ample property to his eldest son Cary, our present host had been left without a shilling to carve his fortune for himself.

He was an elegant young man somewhere about thirty years of age, and Mrs. Cary exactly the kind of woman for whom almost any man would have made a similar sacrifice. He would not hear a syllable of our return to the inn; and learning from Montague the awkward situation of our servants, who were gone forward to the Parsonage, he dispatched his boy to order the carriage up to the cottage, and in a few minutes taught us to feel ourselves completely at home. Montague notwithstanding could not speedily recover from the shock which he had experienced by thus unexpectedly learning the death of his revered tutor; and as Cary and he talked over the occasion which had brought us hither, the Curate continuing the subject said, "Independent of the gratification which your arrival gives me, I am glad that it has happened exactly at this juncture. Dr. Carlton's, or at least his wife's nephew, for the Doctor you know

took it into his head to marry a few years since, had been bred to the church, and procured from his uncle, as I am told, previous to his last illness, a strong recommendation to your Lordship as his successor in the living, and with his credentials in his pocket he set out for London the instant the Doctor's death was ascertained; but I find from his father, whom I have this evening met at the funeral, that he returned a few hours since without obtaining the object of his journey, from the circumstance of your having quitted London before he arrived; and, little dreaming that my humble home contains his future patron, he merely waits for the will to be opened, which will take place to-morrow, before he sets out again for Edinburgh, whither it is believed in town that your Lordship is gone."

"The young tyro probably expects a handsome legacy from his uncle then?" asked Montague.

"Doubtless; and I understand, though not from himself, for I have but little knowledge of him, that young Newnham and his father are the sole legatees."

"My old friend I should think died rich," observed Montague.

"I should think so," answered the Curate. "Mrs. Carlton possessed a handsome property too. Her brother, the father of the young man of whom I am speaking, is a man of large fortune, and a partner in the Whitehaven bank. We are not upon very good terms," continued he, "yet I should be sorry to send his son upon this unnecessary journey to Edinburgh, when I can save him the trouble of it by apprizing him of your being here."

"You are not upon friendly terms with these people then?" inquired Montague.

"Not exactly," replied the Curate. "Mr. Newnham's manor adjoins one

over which I have obtained the privilege of shooting, and he is too tenacious of his game to be friendly with any one who happens to like the sport, though he has little relish for it himself. There is also another reason for his coolness to me: some time since, when Newnham first took orders, he wished to settle in this curacy for the purpose of being on the spot at the time of his uncle's decease; but the worthy old man was partial to my Emma, and somehow or other he grew so fond of the brats, that he still continued me in it, though very much I believe against his nephew's inclination."

"You like the place probably?" asked Montague.—"But after having lived so much in the world, do you never in this distant region feel the occasional want of more society?"

Cary threw open the window, thickly trellised with honey-suckles, and point-

ing to the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, emphatically answered,

> "Rich in such treasures shall my wayward heart
> At the mean triumphs of the great repine?
> Be *theirs* the vain parade of mimic art,
> The wild magnificence of nature *mine!*"

"All this sounds well in poetry," said Montague, "but now for the honest truth."

"Sometimes then," said Cary, sighing as he closed the window, "sometimes I do, certainly—though but rarely, for I have now learnt the lesson of submission to my fate. When we first came hither," added he ingenuously, "both Emma and I mutually felt the deprivation of many little luxuries which habit had rendered necessary, but time you know is a remedy for all evils. Necessity soon reconciled us to the want of many things which our slender finances could not command, and the liberality of our worthy Doctor occasionally supplied us with others. There," con-

tinued he, pointing to an elegant grand piano-forte which occupied one side of the little parlour in which we were sitting—" that is one specimen of his munificence. Emma used to play to him on an old strumming harpsichord which formerly belonged to Mrs. Carlton, and having once accidentally lamented the loss of her own instrument, which we had left behind us in the South, he sent to London for this expensive one, to recompense her for that which she had regretted. Emma is inconsolable for his loss—indeed," continued he, " we have reason enough for it, for by his death we have lost our only friend "—and a tear, which he hastily brushed away, rested a moment on his sun-burnt cheek, while in the intelligent glance of Montague I read the refutation of the Curate's melancholy assertion. " When we took possession of this cottage," continued he, " it was a matter of necessity for us to make up our minds to

many privations of this sort; but the Doctor, somewhat aware perhaps of our previous habits, lessened the hardship of it by numerous acts of kindness: for instance, ever since I came here, part of his annual pipe of port found its way into my cellar—a luxury otherwise far above my compass; and upon such an occasion as the present, I think we cannot do better than drink a bottle of it to his memory."

"I never heard of these Newnhams before," said Montague, musing, "though I think too I remember that whilst I was on the Continent, Beauchamp informed me of the Doctor's marriage, but they are new connexions since my earlier days."

"Entirely so," answered the Curate, "Mrs. Carlton, who did not live long after her marriage, was a plain well-meaning sort of woman; but her brother, the Doctor's executor, is of quite a different order: money is the sole

object of his desires, and the attainment of it his principal study."

"Has the young man imbibed any of these accumulating principles?" asked Montague.

"Faith, I scarce know—I have hitherto seen too little of him to decide, and my opportunities of judging fairly of his character will be still less than ever, for when he is once inducted our connexion will naturally cease."

"How so?" inquired Lord Montague.

"Why I am told," replied the Curate, "that he intends to reside here immediately, and I believe that it is the fact; for yesterday, whilst I was attending his father upon business at the Parsonage, he gave orders for some alterations which were begun in the garden before the Doctor's death, but under his direction, to be continued during his absence; and as he will of course take the execution of the parochial duty

upon himself, he will not feel the necessity for my services, which the Doctor experienced from his age and bodily infirmities; and eighty pounds a year you know is of some consequence to a money-loving man."

"Eighty pounds a year!" reiterated Montague, looking round him with astonishment.—"Is it possible that you contrive to support this establishment upon eighty pounds a year?"

"Yes, upon less," answered the Curate smiling. "My Emma is an excellent manager; of *my* industry too you will presently have a proof, for my gun frequently supplies our table; and we have even contrived to provide against a rainy day."

"I do not exactly comprehend you," said Montague, endeavouring to draw out the future plans of our host.

"Why," said Cary, "I shall I suppose leave this place as soon as the new Rector takes possession; and some

months may probably elapse before I can settle myself in another curacy, at least in one as eligible, and till that happens what could I do, if Emma's care had not supplied me with a fund for our support? My brother you know has long since *cut* me; my sister I have not seen for years; and what is a man worth without money and without friends?" Sadness was at this moment his predominant feeling, and he spoke as he felt —impressively. Montague grasped his hand, and though he did not answer, his silence was expressive; and Cary read in his glistening eye the grateful assurance of his future regard.

This long conversation passed whilst Mrs. Cary was absent, making some domestic alterations for our accommodation at the cottage; for Cary had peremptorily insisted on his house being for the present considered as our home, and it was only now interrupted by her returning to direct the arrangement of

her little supper table. Mrs. Cary was a charming woman, and amongst other feminine accomplishments it was eminently hers,

> "To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
> To heighten nature's dainties, and to give
> Society its highest taste."

Potted ptarmigan, a delicacy I believe peculiar to this part of the kingdom, with other elegant trifles the product of their well ordered little farm, decked the hospitable board; and, after feasting luxuriously upon these rural dainties, Montague and his friend, mutually delighted with their unexpected rencontre, lingered over their bottle of Parsonage port and the dried fruits with which Mrs. Cary had abundantly supplied them, and sat talking over past times till long after she had lighted me to my little chamber, and herself retired for the night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACCUSTOMED during our journey to rise at an early hour, this useful habit still remained with me, and I quitted my bed with the first blush of the ensuing morning; and taking my station at the window which looked down upon the beautiful vale of Keswick, stretching along the foot of this fertilized mountain, I rapturously contemplated the wild magnificence of the surrounding scenery. It was yet very early; day broke amidst an impressive calmness of aspect, and as the vapours hanging on the heights were dissipated by the fresh breeze of morning from the face of animated nature, the sun, breaking over the mountains, rose with indescribable grandeur. Such a sublimity of prospect I had never yet beheld, and unwilling

to return to my pillow I dressed myself in cautious silence lest I should awaken Montague; and, softly descending the stairs, opened the door of the little hall (for the family were still wrapt in sleep), and strolled into the garden.

It was a romantic and highly cultivated spot on the sheltered side of the mountain, and, placed in this advantageous situation, it commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country. The valley below seemed buried in repose till the striking of the village clock, reverberating with a most singular effect amongst the cliffs, broke the silence of this early hour; soon the smoke from the distant hamlets became visible, and presently a straggling ploughman or two, going whistling to their daily labours, ascended the winding path which led amongst the heights, and soon afterwards the inhabitants of the cottage began to be stirring. Mrs. Cary and the Curate soon joined me in the garden,

and the latter shouting manfully under the open window of our apartment, startled Montague from his slumbers, and gaily accusing him of sluggishness hastened him down to breakfast. The breakfast table was laid out in a small room which opened into the garden; somewhat different from that which we had seen the night before, but still commanding a striking prospect of the mountain scenery which on all sides environed it, with a beautiful view of the valley, bounded by the waters of the rapid Greeta stretching widely in the distance.

This elegant little apartment was fitted up as a sort of library; a handsome mahogany book-case stored with an ample selection from the best authors, and for which Cary informed us he was also indebted to his deceased friend, occupied one side of it; and a small sopha, with a pair of useful globes, composed the principal furniture of the

other. A green baize carpet covered the floor, and the spreading jessamine, which overhanging the windows completely shaded it from the rays of the sun, sometimes in these lofty regions intense and overpowering, gave it a soberness of aspect peculiarly calculated to encourage the most luxurious enjoyment of study and contemplation.

We were still loitering over the breakfast table, when Montague reverted to the circumstance of the younger Mr. Newnham's journey to Edinburgh. "Dr. Carlton," said he thoughtfully, "had doubtless many claims on my gratitude, and however desirous I may feel to attend to his recommendation, his nephew certainly has none. I have in fact views of my own respecting the next incumbent, and I may therefore as well save him the unnecessary trouble of going to Edinburgh to learn it. The living is disposed of, and I could wish him to know it without delay."

"I shall see him this morning," answered Cary, "if your Lordship wishes me to inform him of it. The Doctor's will is to be opened at eleven, and he will not fail to be there."

"We will walk together to the Parsonage then," answered Montague. "Lady Montague has never been in Cumberland before, and while you are engaged with your business we can ramble about the grounds. I promise the ladies gratification from the stroll."

It was consequently thus arranged, and shortly after breakfast Mrs. Cary and I accompanied the gentlemen to the Parsonage. The executor and his son were not yet arrived, and walking through the hall we went into the gardens, which appeared extensive and laid out with much taste, although considerable alterations were still making, and a number of men employed in cutting up the gravel walks and laying out new ones in various directions. A sin-

gle glance from Montague bespoke his opinion of the presumption of these proceedings; and questioning the workmen by whose order they were now employed, I foreboded from his manner that it would not pass without remark. While we were strolling about the gardens, Mr. Newnham and his son, attended by their solicitor, rode up to the Parsonage. Cary was going to introduce them to us, but Montague prevented it; and the Curate leaving us, went immediately to the house where they waited for his presence, and merely announced us as visitors of his own who had accompanied him for a walk. In somewhat less than an hour, having concluded their testamentary examination, the elder Mr. Newnham came into the garden to look at the workmen; his son shortly followed him, and went to give directions at a distant part; and while we were still waiting for the Curate who was detained on

parish business, Montague purposely entered into conversation with the elder of the gentlemen. The countenance of the executor bore witness of his internal triumph; he had just acquired a considerable addition to his landed property by the death of Dr. Carlton, and his broad round face dilated itself in smiles of visible exultation. Elate with the additional consequence derived from this circumstance, added to the anticipated certainty of his son obtaining this valuable living, he looked down on all around him with imaginary superiority; and as Mrs. Cary addressed him with some civil observation, he listened to her with an air of the most supercilious indifference.

> "Not with more pride did Rome's stern pontiff glow,
> "When prostrate monarchs kiss'd the sacred toe,"

than did the purse-proud Banker, as Montague, speaking of the wild magnificence of the surrounding prospect,

led me to a spot from whence it was singularly romantic, to observe it to more advantage; and flattered by our admiration of the place, he proceeded to descant more at large upon the alterations which were then making, and pompously haranguing on the variety of the improvements, Montague calmly observed that he had formerly passed much time there.

"You know the place well then of course," said the Banker. "My son you perceive," added he, pointing to the deep cut trenches which intersected the garden, "means to make something of a change here. He intends to carry this walk into the hazle copse beyond the shrubbery yonder, and to bring the coach-road from the stables entirely round by the house, which he can easily do by cutting through the paddock behind."

"He considers himself *sure* of the living then?" asked Montague drily.

"Certainly, certainly, without doubt he has the best right of any one to expect it."

"Pardon me, of that fact I doubt nevertheless," answered Montague.

"Sir!" exclaimed the Banker staring with amazement at a doubt so coolly expressed.—"May I ask your reason pray?"

"Simply" answered Montague, "because the living, to my knowledge, is otherwise disposed of."

"You are mistaken Sir I assure you —you are misinformed—you are misinformed Sir," reiterated the Banker significantly, and relying on the force of Dr. Carlton's recommendation; "my son will have the living you may rely upon it."

"You may rely upon it that he will *not*," answered Montague decidedly, "and I believe, Sir, you will find my information tolerably correct."

"Perhaps you know Lord Montague, who is the patron of it?" asked the

Banker anxiously. "Perfectly," was the reply.

"You probably know who is to have the living then?" said he hesitatingly, "though I must still think you are deceived as to its being already disposed of. May I ask your authority for the assertion, Sir?"

"My authority I believe, Sir, is unquestionable," said Montague—"*I* am Lord Montague." The astonished Banker gazed without reply; but his eyes, stretched wide open with amazement, became still wider with dismay, when Montague calmly added—"my friend Mr. Cary has the next presentation to it." Mrs. Cary, not less surprised than our companion, seemed overpowered by the suddenness of this intelligence; she could not repress her feelings, and unable to speak I supported her agitated and faltering to a seat at a little distance, while the disappointed Banker at last found his utterance.

"Mr. Cary!" exclaimed he, "Mr. Cary indeed! Mr. Cary might have had the civility to inform me of this affair, and not have let my son go upon a bootless errand so many hundred miles after it I think."

"Mr. Cary," answered Montague coldly, "could not apprize you of a circumstance which he was unacquainted with himself. I came hither only late last evening, nor did I know till my arrival that Dr. Carlton was no more. At this moment Mr. Cary is still ignorant of his unsolicited presentation to it."

"I wish Mr. Cary joy!" exclaimed the mortified Banker, with a countenance strongly indicative of contradictory emotions. "I wish you joy, Sir!" continued he sarcastically bowing to Cary, who just then approached with young Newnham.

The Curate gazed at him with unaffected surprise.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, Sir, your *unsolicited* good fortune—I wish you joy, Sir! I wish you much joy of your living, Sir!"

"I don't comprehend you, Mr. Newnham," said the astonished Curate. "I really don't comprehend you: what does all this mean? what do you allude to?"

"I will inform you," answered Montague. "Cary, you have for years been my friend, and I rejoice in the opportunity of manifesting my sense of your worth. I am sorry for the disappointment which my disposal of the living necessarily occasions to this young gentleman,"—added he turning to the younger Newnham, "but I must nevertheless take leave to remark, that I consider his proceedings with respect to it injudicious, and in fact highly censurable, in thus subjecting the indisputable property of another, however anticipated, to *premature* alteration."

And with this reproof he took his

leave, and coldly bowing to the crest-fallen Banker and his mortified heir apparent, he turned into the walk where Mrs. Cary, supported by her husband, eloquently wept her gratitude. Cary endeavoured to express his feelings more distinctly; but Montague cut him short. "We perfectly understand each other," said he, "and the less of this the better. The living is yours, Cary, to all intents and purposes; so we will now dismiss the subject, and escort the ladies back to your farm."

We subsequently passed our time very agreeably at the cottage; and the new Rector, though of necessity much occupied in preparations for his removal, and in completing the alterations already begun at the Parsonage, found time to shew us every thing worth notice in the vicinity of his abode. Amongst other curiosities of this interesting neighbourhood, famous for its mineral treasures in the district of Bor-

rowdale, is a rich mine of plumbago or black lead; from whence this useful article is obtained in such plenty, that not only Great Britain, but the whole Continent of Europe may be said to be supplied from it. The proprietors, who make immense sums by the sale of it, only permit it to be opened once in six or seven years, to prevent the markets being overstocked with the commodity; and being fortunately in Cumberland at the usual period of opening the mine, we witnessed with some alarm the dangerous methods used to obtain the possession of its subterrene treasures. Sometimes at our leisure we made little tours about the neighbourhood of the stupendous Skiddaw, and at other excursions upon the Lakes. Of these however, Derwentwater and Thirlstone, or Leatheswater, in the immediate vicinity of Keswick, and Buttermere situated at the distance of about eight miles from the cottage,

attracted us most frequently. On the latter beautiful water, computed to be nearly two miles in length and about half a mile in width, we sometimes sailed for hours watching the cataracts falling amidst the rocks, or listening to the thunder of the numerous water-falls contiguous to it. The weather was delightful, and such occupations, with occasional fishing parties, sometimes detained us upon the water till the deepest shades of evening closed around us; and even then, unwilling to quit the enchanting scene, we yet loitered to remark the strikingly beautiful effect of the sun setting upon the waters!

The clouds tinged with "celestial rosy red," were at times brilliantly reflected in a variety of shades on the tranquil bosom of the lake; and as Cary's horn—an instrument of which since his residence in Cumberland he had made himself completely master, and the effect of which in water scenery is

indescribable, echoed amongst the rocks, we still loitered to enjoy the sublimity of the closing prospect! Sometimes, as the evening drew in, the water assumed a tinge of deep carnation colour, reflected from the declining sun-beams, and as the sun itself sunk amidst the mountains the shadowy mists which assembled round them exhibited a paler shade of the same rich and vivid hue; whilst, enchanted with the splendour of this lovely scene, we could scarcely prevail upon ourselves to quit it to return to the tranquil residence of our friends.

Returning late in the evening after we had passed the day in one of these sailing parties, and dined in the romantic village of Buttermere, Montague eagerly seized a packet of letters which had arrived from London during his absence; and as soon as lights were brought retired to the table to read them; I perceived his countenance suddenly change during the perusal, and

inconceivably alarmed I scarcely waited till he had finished, before I anxiously questioned him respecting the cause of his evident emotion. The idea of Lord Maynooth's death had powerfully annoyed me for some time after our arrival in Cumberland; but we had now been nearly a month at the cottage, and had received occasional intimation of his recovery. Montague evaded my question, but persevering in my inquiries I at last learned the truth. The ball as I before knew had been extracted from his side with much difficulty, but the wound not having properly closed after the operation a relapse had taken place, and his danger having increased during the last week, he was just now considered in a very alarming situation. This fact had been transmitted by a friend, who had ascertained it from the surgeon in attendance on his Lordship, and who deemed it prudent to communicate the information immediately

to Lord Montague. Montague had lately flattered himself that this young man, whose danger was totally the result of his own obstinacy, would have speedily recovered from its effects; and the shock which he now felt on learning the danger and severity of his sufferings exceeded all description. A sudden chill shot through his frame, and complaining of indisposition, which he attributed to his having staid too long upon the water, but which was in reality the effect of this heart-sickening intelligence, he apologized to Mrs. Cary, and retired to bed before his usual hour. He passed a sleepless night; in the morning he was evidently feverish and unwell, and though I watched anxiously by his bed-side, I was unable to prevail on him to compose himself to sleep. Absorbed in meditation, his mind was harassed with the most torturing anxiety—an anxiety which, at such a distance from the metropolis, could not

speedily be alleviated, and his reflections were painful in the extreme. Montague, although he considered duels as in some sort necessary evils, a kind of chain which alone possessed the power of restraining the intemperate arrogance of youth and inebriety, could not endure the idea of having deliberately and in cool blood lifted his hand against a fellow creature, or of having sent him uncalled for, and possibly unrepenting, into the presence of his God! —Added to this soul-harrowing consciousness, the misery which he had so unwillingly inflicted on the connexions of Lord Maynooth, (for his Lordship was the last surviving son of his distressed family,) incessantly haunted his mind; and subdued by the bitterness of these reflections he would frequently start away in mental agony from our society, and, burying himself in solitude, wander for hours amongst the mountains by himself.

He considered himself as loaded with the bitterest curse of Lord Maynooth's parents, and this dreadful feeling, added to the tortures of the suspense which he endured before letters could reach us, destroyed both his rest and comfort, and I was beginning to feel exceedingly alarmed at the ascendency which it acquired over his mind; when one evening as we sat at supper, after one of his melancholy strolls, I remarked that he looked even paler than he had lately done; and, when he arose on the ensuing morning, I discovered with increased terror that his countenance had assumed a yellowness of complexion for which I vainly endeavoured to account. I entreated Cary to send immediately for medical advice; and, though Montague strove to laugh away my fears, he was compelled to confess that he was seriously indisposed, and Cary dispatched a messenger without delay to a medical man of eminence in the neighbourhood.

He immediately pronounced Montague's disorder to be the jaundice; and, upon my informing him of the exact state of affairs, urged the necessity of tranquillity and repose. To depict my feelings, as I watched during these days of misery by his bed-side, is impossible! A bride, a fugitive, and possibly a widow, (for Montague was in the most dangerous stage of the complaint,) within the space of six short weeks, I will not attempt to describe to you the bitterness of my sufferings! For more than a week he continued in the greatest danger; but at length I had the happiness of seeing him recover, though he still remained extremely languid from the lowering effects of his complaint. As his strength returned our medical friend informed us that the pure air of these mountain heights was at present too keen for his constitution, and that it was highly necessary for him to return to the south. He strongly recommended the use of

the Cheltenham waters as a powerful restorative, but to Cheltenham Montague had obvious objections. In the weak state to which he was reduced by indisposition, he could not endure the idea of becoming an object of general observation, or of being pointed out and stared at, for his recent newspaper notoriety. At this fashionable watering-place, just then in high season, he could not fail to be hourly recognized; and, after a learned dissertation on the efficacy of saline waters, and a professional disquisition of their medicinal powers, it was at length determined that we should go to Lemmington, a bathing-place in Warwickshire, whose waters, recently brought into public notice, are somewhat similar in their properties to those of the Cheltenham springs; and at which place, then in its infancy but since become the favoured resort of fashionable valetudinarians, we hoped to pass unnoticed and unknown.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE important point of our destination once settled, we prepared for our departure, and taking an affectionate leave of our amiable friends, once more retraced our way towards the south.

The heat of the weather was become intense, and by travelling slowly on account of Montague's languid health, a week had elapsed before we reached Birmingham, about twenty miles distant from the termination of our journey. I had before frequently passed through this place on my route to Holyhead to embark for Ireland, but always on such occasions travelling with rapidity, I had never had an opportunity of inspecting any of its manufactories, or of gratifying that curiosity, which in a mind disposed to observation, it unquestionably

excites. We now purposely rested there for a day to recover from the fatigue of a wearisome journey, made on some of the hottest days of this season of the year; and as we perambulated the principal streets, and gazed with admiration on the superb shops which it every where exhibits, the brilliancy of which surpass some, and certainly rival many of the most glittering show-rooms of the metropolis, I paused with astonishment, as Montague expatiated on the striking contrast, between the ancients and the moderns, in this celebrated seat of "arts and arms."

The aborigines of Birmingham, if I may be allowed the term, were notoriously proverbial for the uncouth barbarism of their manners, and half a century ago its unpolished inhabitant, as it seemed, carried "a mark upon his forehead,"—a distinguishing vulgarity betrayed the darkened sources of his origin; and, in the progressive attain-

ment of national civilization, the luckless native of "black Birmingham" was considered a perfect Goth. The transition is astonishing! Birmingham now stands eminently conspicuous in the public estimation, and at this era ranks as one of the most considerable towns of this great commercial empire. The striking difference between its inhabitants at the present day, and those of an earlier period, is strongly marked; for even the humblest of its artizans are now tolerably well-informed, and upon the more abstruse subjects: the establishment and perseverance of an intelligent Philosophical Society has successfully superseded the unlettered ignorance of its ancient plebeian classes, whilst amongst the higher orders it has materially lent its aid in diffusing the benefits of literature and science. A love of the arts, the certain criterion of national refinement, is here carefully inculcated, and as liberally encouraged.

Music, as every where else, is here also the rage; and the musical festivals or oratorios, conducted under the superintendence of the first professional skill, are from the powerful union of talent, allowed to rank superior to all other provincial meetings of this description in the kingdom—a general sentiment of benevolence, as well as of genuine loyalty, here actuates all ranks. It is the marking characteristic of this patriotic town, and an unlimited exertion of high-souled liberality has invariably distinguished it in private subscriptions as well as in national undertakings. It also abounds in public charitable institutions. Birmingham has however been unfortunately subjected to numerous repetitions of those internal convulsions which, in the paroxysm of suffering, the frenzied feeling of *necessity* has unhappily excited. But the "reign of terror" and devastation, I fervently hope, is at an end. The police is necessarily strict,

and admirably regulated; the slightest appearance of tumult calls forth the most energetic exertion of civil power; and the severe but salutary punishment, which has occasionally fated some of its misguided victims to an eternal separation from the tender "charities of father, son, and brother," must, however we may lament its necessity, be considered as holding out an exemplary warning to those who have hitherto escaped its awful visitation, and exhibits a melancholy lesson of admonition to the rising generations! *

We quitted Birmingham after having passed the day very agreeably in visiting such of its manufactories as we could gain access to during our stay, and about the middle of the next day arrived at Lemmington, and took up our abode at Sinker's hotel. Lemmington was at this season of the year unusually full,

* For a more particular account of Birmingham, see "Hutton's History of Birmingham."

and the hotel so crowded with visitors, that it was not without difficulty we procured a private room; the general rule of the house being for the company to dine together at the public table kept for their accommodation. Montague, who for various reasons wished to be private and unnoticed, declined mixing in the gay parties of which this society was composed; and after strolling about the village, and taking a cursory survey of the baths and the neighbourhood, we returned to the hotel, and, at an early hour, retired to rest. To *rest*, I may indeed say, for certainly it was not to *sleep*. It was unfortunately the assembly night, and this festive meeting being held in a ball-room, at another inn exactly opposite to our bed-chamber at the hotel, the windows of which were all thrown open for air on account of the sultry heat of the weather, the continued repetition of the music, added to the changing steps of the dancers as

they pursued their amusement till a very late or rather early hour, entirely banished sleep. When the party broke up and returned to the hotel, the continued closing of the doors as, one by one, they stole softly along the gallery to their apartments, succeeded by the servants rising early to the business of the household, added to the noisy altercation of some swearing grooms in the stable-yard, effectually precluded every prospect of repose.

The next day we devoted to the arduous task of lodging-hunting; and, after having perambulated every corner of this rapidly increasing village, and found our search unsuccessful, for not a single cottage appeared untenanted, we at length obtained a conditional promise of a house then occupied by some of the Gordon family, who were expected to leave the place upon an excursion to Cheltenham; and, wearied with our desultory stroll, we returned disappointed

to a late dinner at the hotel. Montague, tired and dispirited from the lingering remains of indisposition, comforted himself, as the day closed in, that, for this evening at least, we were secured from all repetition of the horrors of the assembly night; and, overpowered with the fatigues of a journey of two hundred miles made on some of the warmest days of a glowing June, he anticipated with impatience the approaching hour of rest. But here, as it seemed, we were again fated to be unfortunate! Some of the juvenile residents at the hotel, who had been absent at the ball on the preceding evening, were, as we soon learned to our sorrow, possessed of considerable musical skill; and, in the exertion of their talents in the general drawing-room which closely adjoined our bed-chamber, harassed us with unseasonable harmony during the night. In this intolerable concert, the incessant jingling of an ill-toned piano-forte, aided by a piping flute-

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player, and the occasional accompaniment of a scraping violin, effectually precluded all prospect of repose; and duets, trios, and military divertimentos, succeeded in repetition till the night was far advanced; whilst Montague, exhausted by want of rest, and provoked out of all patience at this tiresome interruption to it, vented his ill-humour in sundry civil benedictions on the party, and ungallantly wishing our fair serenaders at the devil, tossed about his pillow, and impatiently courted sleep.

Exceedingly annoyed by the contiguity of our musical neighbours, and still more dismayed by the discovery of their midnight orgies being frequently repeated, Montague arose unusually fretful and unrefreshed. He was suffering all the torments of an intense head-ache, and foreseeing no prospect of escape from these vexations but in flight, we instantly determined upon a temporary change of residence. Had he enjoyed

his usual health, he would have entered with avidity into the amusements of the place, but the noisy bustle of a crowded hotel, though otherwise possessing many comforts, with the incessant egress and regress of the visitors incidental to it, were but little calculated for the ease of a suffering invalid, and feelingly regretting the tranquil home we had recently left in Cumberland, he ordered the carriage after breakfast and drove to Warwick, the metropolis of this midland county, situated at about the distance of two miles from Lemmington. Montague, whose regiment had formerly been stationed in this neighbourhood, had been frequently at Warwick before on occasional excursions from the military quarters in its vicinity, and on alighting from his carriage at the Warwick Arms, notwithstanding his Asiatic countenance and wasted form, was to his farther annoyance instantly recognized, and addressed by his proper title by the

intelligent proprietor of this very superior inn. He was therefore under the necessity of immediately explaining our wish for privacy, both as to name and rank, with his consequent assumption of the appellation of Colonel Elliott; and the nature of the attention we received, in consequence of this communication, most incontrovertibly proved that his confidence was not misplaced. Montague here shortly felt himself, as he expressed it, "at home;" and, glad to avail himself of any thing like tranquillity, he determined to make Warwick our residence till the house at Lemmington became vacant, or an opportunity presented itself of more eligible accommodation. A few days of comfort effected a visible change in his health; the air of Warwick is remarkably bracing and salubrious; and, though an occasional lassitude still hung upon his weak frame, his strength hourly improved from the beneficial effects of a total

change of air, and the exercise of short excursions daily made round this cultivated neighbourhood. We remained some days at the Warwick Arms to recover from the fatigues of our journey before we commenced the little tour of observation, which, as soon as Lemmington was fixed on, I had eagerly anticipated; and as you and Fortescue are both gifted with a desire of information, I shall detail these parts of our peregrination for your amusement, commencing with Lemmington, as the primary object of our destination, leaving Warwick, a subject of peculiar interest to me, from the circumstance of Lord Montague's being lineally descended from the Nevillés, who formerly bore that title, for future animadversion.

CHAPTER XX.

LEMMINGTON, or Leamington, was originally a small village, seated on the banks of the river Leam, but it has rapidly grown into a place of some consequence in fashionable estimation, from the circumstances of its waters having materially benefited many persons of rank, who have recently resorted to it. The Lemmington waters, according to the statement of an eminent practitioner in the neighbourhood,* to which I am indebted for the following remarks, have grown into notice by the common consent of popular opinion, and like most other medicated springs have had their reputation highly established, before their peculiar claims to merit have been fairly appreciated. That this is the case every

* Vide Dr. Middleton's Analysis.

one living in the neighbourhood of Lemmington can testify; for long before medical men thought them worth notice, or any individual was bold enough to erect baths and buildings for the accommodation of strangers, the country people, for miles round the place, flocked thither in numbers to drink the waters, without any sort of preparation, from the common springs; and in this neglected state they would probably have remained, had it not been for the exertions of a few spirited individuals. They have been merely noticed as mineral waters by some of the oldest writers; but till the chemical experiments of the ingenious Dr. Lambe, made during a residence of some years in their vicinity, no positive inquiry had been made into their effects, or any analysis of their various properties attempted. From that time, when through the exertions of Dr. Lambe the virtues of these saline springs became generally known, their visitors propor-

tionably increased; and Lemmington, instead of a straggling deserted village, inhabited only by peasantry in winter, and in summer by a few suffering invalids, who were glad to avail themselves of such accommodation as the place afforded, is now become the resort of elegance and fashion. Baths and buildings are erected fit for families of the first distinction, and every convenience that health or sickness can require is attentively provided. This change has been principally effected by the exertions of Mr. Walhouse, a clerical gentleman of independent fortune, whose health and inclination having attached him to the place, he has perseveringly endeavoured to give it the celebrity to which it is so justly entitled. The Lemmington waters are strongly recommended by many medical men of eminence. Drs. Kerr, Lambe, and Johnstone, have borne ample testimony of their merits; but without the unabated efforts of Mr. Wal-

house, Lemmington would never have reached its present flourishing state. The waters are, in many respects, similar to those of Cheltenham, being strongly impregnated with carbonate of iron, and carbonic acid gas, with this difference, that the Cheltenham water contains a larger portion of the former, under the chemical denomination of oxide of iron. This is without doubt a property of high medical estimation, but it is possibly not to be regretted that the Lemmington water contains less of it; for, according to general report, no water has hitherto been so inconsiderately used: persons from all parts of the country have come to Lemmington for the benefit of their health; and, without any consideration of age, sex, constitution, or disease, have gone on drinking the waters, and bathing, sometimes in the hot bath, and sometimes in the cold, without any previous instruction, or inquiry into its effects, considering this voluntary deluge

of their intestines as a sort of panacea, or sovereign remedy, for all diseases. They are now however used with somewhat more prudence, and in less copious libations, medical advice being more readily to be obtained there than formerly; a great number of elegant buildings, some of them private property, and others belonging to subscription establishments, have been recently erected for the accommodation of visitors of all descriptions; and from the commencement of the season in May, till its close in October, they are generally fully, and very respectably occupied.* The rock from which the original spring issues, is from twenty-five to thirty feet

* There are also several good boarding-houses and hotels, an elegant suite of assembly, card, and reading rooms, recently built, with a theatre, library, and picture gallery, &c. the usual concomitants of a fashionable watering-place; a new set of baths, with a pump-room, fronted by an elegant colonnade, have been also recently erected on the banks of the river, at a considerable expense, for a promenade in damp weather.

below the surface of the earth; it is situated in a shady lane at the entrance to the church-yard, near the new bridge recently built over the river Leam, and leading to a favourite promenade through the fields towards Newbold, the seat of the Rev. Edward Willes.* Near this spot are the old baths, erected, as we learned by an inscription on a tomb-stone in the church-yard, by a Mr. William Abbotts, an ancient and respectable inhabitant of the village, in the possession of whose family they still remain. The parish church, dedicated to All Saints, was originally a chapel belonging to Wootton, a village held in socage under the Canons of Kenilworth, and in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of our Eighth Henry, was valued at the sum of *six pounds ten shillings* per annum.

A few mornings after our arrival at

* Mr. Pratt has recently published a "Lemmington Guide," &c. which precludes the necessity of farther information here.

Warwick, whilst the carriage was preparing for our daily drive to Lemmington, as Montague conversed with our host till it was ready, the latter pointed out a circumstance, which from its familiarity had hitherto escaped our observavation; namely, the evident disagreement of our coroneted carriage, with the assumed privacy of our present *nom de guerre*. Montague, struck with the propriety of this observation, which had not once occurred to either of us, ordered the carriage back to the stable-yard, where it was carefully deposited in the coach-house, and we were instantly supplied with another, not calculated perhaps to shine in a birth-day procession to St. James's, or exactly accordant with the dashing splendours of the four-in-hand club, but certainly very commodious for our occasional expeditions.

According to the plan we had now adopted, the first place which demanded our attention was Warwick

Castle, some account of which I shall hereafter transcribe for your perusal, and at this beautiful place we passed the principal part of a long summer morning, delightfully occupied in the inspection of this princely pile, and which we have since frequently repeated with increased admiration.

As we strolled through its beautiful gardens, and wandered amidst the winding wood-walks, which lead to the Lodge, a tasteful little building, erected upon the summit of a woody eminence in the park, a respectable looking old woman, who informed us she had the care of it, perceiving that we were strangers, civilly attended to show us the interior. Montague, charmed with its simple elegance, and the striking beauty of the woodland scenery about it, expressed a vague sort of wish that we could be accommodated with apartments there during our stay in the neighbourhood. Our ancient cicerone did not appear to think this practi-

cable: although she was herself perfectly willing, she durst not, as she said, "do such a thing of her own accord;" and, appearing apprehensive of the displeasure of the "higher powers," we abandoned the wish almost as soon as it arose, and, rewarding her for her civility, returned to our temporary abode extremely well pleased with the morning's occupation. Montague, speaking of this place afterwards, dwelt with unqualified admiration on the beauty of its situation, and casually naming our desire without any idea of its accomplishment, our attentive host, solicitous for the gratification of our slightest wishes, exerted himself so successfully in our favour, that, in a few days, we were agreeably surprised by a polite offer of the Lodge for our residence, as long as it suited our convenience to remain in the vicinity of Warwick. We did not fail to express our grateful consideration of attention so characteristic of its noble

owner; and, as soon as the venerable occupier of it could arrange her domestic affairs for our reception, and the accommodation of Norris and Lord Montague's man Owen, we left the Warwick Arms, and removed to the Lodge, where, in your "mind's eye," you may now behold us settled, and where I have principally composed the contents of this voluminous packet, to which I shall occasionally continue adding, till an opportunity occurs of its conveyance to you at Madras.

In one of our usual drives to Lemmington, where Montague regularly drank the waters, a few days after we had fixed ourselves at the Lodge, an accident befell us, trivial in its consequences, but certainly very alarming at the moment of its occurrence. In driving somewhat hastily down a slight declivity at the entrance of the village, a wheel suddenly started, and we were instantly precipitated with some violence to the

ground, without however receiving farther injury than a momentary alarm. A Captain Arden, a young man with whom Montague had previously made a sort of speaking acquaintance, by occasionally meeting in the stable-yard at the Warwick Arms, was driving a lady in a curricle at some distance behind, and, perceiving our danger, he instantly jumped from his carriage, and flew to our assistance.

"I hope my Lord's not hurt *indeed!*" exclaimed our man Owen, startled out of his usual prudence. "I hope your *Lordship's* not hurt!" continued he, loudly vociferating both his hopes and fears, as he vainly endeavoured to open the door of our shattered vehicle. Captain Arden, who merely knew Montague as Colonel Elliott, regarded him with evident surprise during these exclamations, and, loosing the kicking horses from the carriage, assisted him in extricating us from our perilous situation;

whilst the honest Welshman, still shaking with alarm, continued to assure his "*Lordship* he was very sorry for the accident, he was *indeed!*" Our man Owen, be it known to you, is a personage of much consequence: he is now rather advanced in years, but he originally served in Montague's regiment; and, having received a severe wound which incapacitated him for enduring the severities of his profession, Montague procured his discharge, and just then losing a valuable servant, he advanced the grateful soldier to the vacant situation. The line of demarcation must be somewhere drawn, and I am as equally averse to the haughty distance which some persons maintain towards their domestics, as to the loquacious familiarity which others sometimes adopt: but with this man, whom he considers as "a soldier and a brother," Montague occasionally converses with freedom, and even listens to with respect; for his opinions, although

delivered with the ludicrous rapidity of an inveterate Gaelic accent, are, in numerous instances, worth attention. Owen is eminently gifted with the marking characteristic of his country; he is literally as proud as the proudest height of his native mountains, and tenaciously alive to all the honours of his station. I can scarcely forbear smiling at the air of conscious dignity with which he sometimes amicably jogs by the carriage window, as Montague, desirous that he should participate in our gratification, occasionally explains to him the local interest of the surrounding scenery; and I cease to feel surprise at the consideration which he manifests towards him, when I remember that side by side they have fought the battles of their country, and mutually suffering every misery which want, sickness, and fatigue, could possibly induce, in the eventful winter of 1795, and, almost benumbed amidst its marshes, marched together through

the dykes of Holland. On our present journey, Montague had dispensed with the usual attendance of his valet; for this young man, although an Englishman, and in other respects unobjectionable, is much too fine a gentleman to submit, without murmuring, to such trivial inconveniences as his master would deem below a thought, and perfectly aware of the improbability of procuring suitable accommodation for a personage of such importance at a country Parsonage in Cumberland, Montague felt extremely solicitous to spare him the "cursed bore" of this stupid journey; and, leaving his rose-scented Adonis to amuse himself during our absence with his flageolet at Richmond, he ordered Owen to attend us on our expedition to the north.

As soon as Owen had recovered from his panic, and we were released from the carriage, Captain Arden congratulated us on our safety, and introduced us to

his sister, the young lady who accompanied him, and who I soon learned was residing at Lemmington attending upon a sick mother, then almost in the last stage of lingering indisposition. As we all walked to the library, Captain Arden proposed that we should accept his curricle to convey us back to Warwick, politely offering to take his servant's horse himself; but this arrangement Owen strenuously opposed: his master's arm, in his opinion, was by no means strong enough to bear the exertion of a spirited pair of horses, and Montague, possibly aware of the truth of this objection, prudently declined the trial. Captain Arden, therefore, after our usual ceremony of bathing, &c., drove me back again to the Lodge, escorted by his "*Lordship*," with Owen's permission gallantly mounted upon horseback. During our drive home, Montague, aware of the discovery made by Owen, took occasion to inform our new acquaintance of our real

rank and situation, and soon found that, although personally unknown, he was no stranger to him by report. There is a certain something in the appearance of a soldier, which, in whatever character he may assume, is indescribably predominant; thus Montague, whose form was grace personified, and whose very air and step announced the hero, had been at first sight recognized as a military man by Captain Arden, who, in their accidental rencontres, had readily discerned his familiarity with command, and read, in his high and polished manners, the impressive elegance of the experienced General Officer.

This young man was himself in the army: his regiment was lying in some of the military barracks in the neighbourbourhood; but his mother and sister, who had recently arrived from India, were now resident at Lemmington, in the hope of benefit to Mrs. Arden's health. Of his mother's recovery, how-

ever, he expressed himself utterly hopeless; and, speaking upon this subject as he accompanied us home, he expatiated with much feeling on the lonely situation of his sister, who, except some distant relations in Cornwall, whom she had never seen, had not, as he said, a single connexion in England, but himself. Strongly interested in this melancholy account of Miss Arden's prospects, I prayed him, as we became better acquainted, to find an opportunity of bringing us together. He gladly availed himself of my desire, and we soon became as intimate as the precarious state of her mother's health would permit.

Captain Arden had the command of a troop of dragoons then stationed at Warwick. He had on his mother's account exchanged his previous quarters, and in this detached station he had been living for months, as he told us, unknowing and unknown, with little to relieve the tedium of his solitary sojourn, but the

commiserating visits of his brother officers from Coventry. We found him a very interesting acquaintance, and, being extremely well-informed, he was a desirable addition to our domestic society, although his mother's illness sometimes unavoidably detained him from it.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Now Warwick claims the promis'd lay, supreme
In this her midland realm! Precedence due,
And long maintain'd! For her kind nature rais'd
The rocky hill, a gentle eminence,
For health and pleasure form'd! where her gay tribes
Indulge the social walk; once gloomy haunt
Of solitary monks, now beanteous seat
Of rural elegance! around whose skirts,
Parks, meadows, groves, their mingled graces join,
And Avon pours his tributary urn."

WARWICK or Warrewik, whose present name is said to have been derived from Warremund, one of the Saxon Monarchs, is a place of great antiquity, and formerly of much local consequence in the interior of the kingdom. The foundation of it is attributed to Gutheline or Kimbeline, one of the British Kings, whose reign was contemporary with the birth of our Saviour. It had originally the name of Caer-leon, from

the word Caer, which signifies a city, being added to his own name, and by error of pronunciation came to be called Caer-leon, instead of Caer-guth-leon. Guiderius, son and successor to Kimbeline, much enlarged it, and granted many valuable privileges to the inhabitants. It was after this time nearly destroyed in the ravages of the Picts and Scots, and lay in a ruinous state till Caractacus, a valiant British Prince, rebuilt it, making a manor-house here for himself, and founding a church to the honour of St. John the Baptist, in the middle of the market-place.

In the days of Caractacus, the Romans prevailed much in Britain, under the command of P. Ostorius, Lieutenant to the Emperor Claudius, who much harassed the Britons by the number and consequence of his conquests in this part of the island. In the last of these struggles to preserve their native independence, Caractacus having

gained an advantageous position, went up and down the ranks personally encouraging his exhausted soldiery, exclaiming, "This is the day, and this is the field, which will be the recovery of our liberty, or the beginning of perpetual slavery." And then invoking the manes of his glorious ancestors, who had before driven out Cæsar the Dictator, and by whose efforts they had hitherto been preserved from bondage and dishonour, he rallied their courage so successfully, that they unanimously resolved to make one desperate effort to recover their liberty, or to die bravely in the attempt. The latter was unfortunately the case; and the brave Caractacus, after a seven years' contest, was carried from his native country a prisoner to Rome; where the Emperor Claudius was so powerfully moved by his magnanimity and misfortunes, that he pardoned him, together with his wife and daughter, and his brothers, who

were also in captivity with him. Ostorius, in the mean time, having nearly conquered Britain, and driven our forefathers from their strongest fastnesses in the island, became anxious to secure his conquests beyond the possibility of recovery by their original possessors; and with this view he erected numerous forts and garrisons along the banks of the rivers Avon and Severn, of which this of Warwick was one of the most formidable; and it is believed that the celebrated town in Britain, denominated "*Prosidium*" by the Romans, was this identical place.

Notwithstanding its central situation, and many other coincident circumstances, some authors however are of a different opinion; for it has been suggested that Patrington, a town in the Eastern Riding of Yorkshire, about fifty miles south-east of York, and situated at the mouth of the Humber, was more probably the station called

Prosiduum, from the circumstance of no Roman antiquities having been discovered nearer Warwick than Chesterton; where, upon ground now forming part of the estate of Lord Willoughby de Brooke, was situated the nearest Roman station known in the neighbourhood: it is however the general belief that Warwick has the best claim to this disputed honour. After these warlike erections of Ostorius, Warwick was again laid waste in the vicissitudes of war, but subsequently restored by Constantine, father of Uter Pendragon, another of the ancient British monarchs, and by him called *Caer-umber*. His death (for he was slain in a later incursion of some contending power) again exposed it to ruin; and in this desolate condition it remained wholly neglected, until a British Prince named Gwayr, cousin to King Arthur, undertook the task of rebuilding it; and commanded that it should thenceforth

be denominated *Caer Gwayr*, or, as the expression signifies, the city of Gwayr. Warwick has since this remote period undergone many considerable alterations; for it appears from ancient record, that there were formerly six churches united with, and dependant on, the collegiate church of St. Mary; of which, part of one only (St. James's) is now remaining. Of these churches, *St. Helena* was built upon the spot where the Priory now stands; *St. Michael* at the lower end of the street called Saltsford; *St. John the Baptist* in the middle of the market-place; *St. Peters*, anciently standing near the Cross, was taken down in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and rebuilt over the eastern gate of the town, at the bottom of Jury-street; upon the remains of which a chapel was afterwards built and endowed as a charity-school, which is still standing, and has been recently repaired and much improved. The

chapel of *St. James's Church*, standing over the western gate, is still extant in good preservation. Adjoining to this structure is an hospital, founded by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, son of John Earl of Warwick, and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, in the 28th of Queen Elizabeth, for "twelve men, besides a master, not having above five pounds per annum of their own, and such as had been maimed in the wars in the said Queen's service, her heirs and successors, especially under the conduct of the said Earl, or such as had been tenants or servants to him and his heirs, and were born in the counties of Warwick and Gloucester, or having their dwelling-houses there for five years before. And in case there happened to be none such hurt in the wars, then to other poor persons of the parishes of Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford upon Avon, in this county, and of Wootton under Edge, and Er-

lingham, in Gloucestershire, to be recommended by the Minister and Churchwardens of the parish where they last had their abode;" which said twelve men, or "brethren," as they are termed, are enjoined to wear a gown of blue cloth, ornamented with a bear and ragged staff in silver, and never to appear in the streets without it.* The statutes of this establishment, which is still kept up, are implicitly complied with; for, upon our inspection of the hospital, I saw some of the brethren in their blue cloaks and silver badges. The value of this bequest is much increased since its foundation, and now affords a comfortable asylum, with an annual stipend of considerable amount, for respectable tradesmen, who in the decline of life may have been reduced by misfortunes, in the parishes above specified, each of which recommend to

* See the Earl of Leicester's will.

it upon vacancies, as their turns occur. Of *St Lawrence's* church, formerly standing in West-street, not a vestige is remaining, unless a passage called the "*Friary*" (formerly leading to it) may be so deemed. The collegiate church of *St. Mary*, of which I shall hereafter speak more particularly, is a building of considerable architectural elegance; and that of *St. Nicholas*, standing near the bridge and opposite to the castle-gates, is a neat structure of modern times, but supposed to have been originally founded by Henry de Newburgh, the first Norman Earl of Warwick, or his immediate successor, but of this nothing certain is known. Near this church, fronting the Coventry road, is a venerable gothic building called *St. John's*, at this period an academy for young gentlemen, but formerly an hospital founded in the reign of Henry the Second, by William Earl of Warwick, for the hospitable entertain-

ment of travellers. The *Abbey* of Warwick, destroyed by the Danes in 1016, of which there are no remains whatever, formerly occupied the spot now composing the church-yard of St. Nicholas, and extended to the ground which forms the boundaries of St. John's. It is remarkable as having been the scene of Queen Emma's imprisonment and subsequent trial by the fiery ordeal, of which the circumstances according to historical tradition were as follow.

Emma, widow of Ethelred and Canute, and mother of Edward the Confessor, having been accused of an intrigue with Alwyne, the then Bishop of Winchester, was imprisoned in the Abbey at Warwick, and by order of her son sentenced to trial by the fiery ordeal, which, agreeably to the barbarous custom of the times, she accordingly underwent. The Queen, with incredible intrepidity, having passed bare-foot and blind-fold over nine plough-shares heated red-hot,

escaped unhurt; and her innocence being thus satisfactorily established, she was set at liberty, and permitted to retire to Winchester, where she passed the remainder of her days in pious seclusion; and the cathedral of which place she endowed with nine valuable livings, in commemoration of her miraculous deliverance from the perils of the plough-shares! Her son Edward, (who is said to have been the first English Monarch who possessed the power of curing the disease called the king's evil, by the efficacy of the royal touch,) in sorrowful atonement of his former severity to her, also presented her with the Island of Portland, in Dorsetshire, to enrich her favourite residence of Winchester.

The *Priory*, situated on the north side of the town beyond St. Mary's church, is an ancient and extensive pile, reared on the foundation of the church of St. Helena, and founded by Henry de Newburgh

in the reign of Henry the First; about which period an infinite number of pilgrims resorting to this place on their way to the Holy-land, the benevolent Earl was solicited to establish a monastery for their reception; and complying with the entreaties of the religious devotees he erected the Priory, and entitled it of the order of the *Canons Regular*, this being the *first* house of that peculiar order, known either in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. After the destruction of Jerusalem in 1188, almost all the houses of this order fell into decay; and being afterwards dissolved in the 27th year of King Henry the Eighth, it was granted, with other lands, to one Thomas Hawkins, otherwise *Fisher*, Gentleman, and his heirs, to be held in socage of the castle at Warwick, at the rent of twenty-six shillings and nine-pence per annum. This Thomas Hawkins, or *Fisher*, as he was called from the circumstance of his

being the son of a fishmonger at Warwick, had originally been in the service of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland; and notwithstanding his mean extraction, being possessed of great talents, he was employed in many public affairs during those unsettled times; in which he amassed a large fortune, and being also enriched with other valuable possessions, he pulled the monastery to the ground, and built the priory, as it now stands, upon the old foundation. It was fully completed in the 8th year of Queen Elizabeth, and then distinguished by a new name, being called the "*Hawk's-nest*," probably from allusion to the name of its owner, or to the peculiar beauty of its situation, being on all sides environed with a fine grove of lofty elms. The windows of it were fancifully adorned with the arms of his patrons, the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland, and his own name also

quaintly expressed by a rebus, executed in the timber work of the window frames, as the *F—R.* with a dolphin placed between the letters, seems to signify. This gentleman held the rank of secretary to the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector during the minority of Edward the Sixth; and, being of considerable personal valour, became Colonel of a regiment in the English army, and highly distinguished himself at the battle of Musselburgh field, fought in Scotland, September 10, 1547, where the English obtained a complete victory. Some time after, when the marriage of Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of his patron the Duke of Northumberland, took place, and her immediate appointment to the succession of the crown, on the demise of Edward the Sixth, excited such a tumult and commotion throughout the realm; the Duke, reposing the utmost confidence in the fidelity of his secretary, privately con-

veyed to him large sums of money, with intent that forces, for the advancement of his daughter in law's pretensions to the crown, might be raised there as occasion should require: this money was immediately conveyed by Fisher to a neighbouring village; and by way of security deposited in Bishop's Itchington Pool. But the Duke of Northumberland being shortly afterwards attainted, and brought to the scaffold by Queen Mary, Fisher, whose attachment to him was publicly known, was examined by order of the Queen, concerning the money known to have been entrusted to him, but not making the desired confession he was put upon the rack, and so mangled and tormented, that his fingers were actually pulled out of the joints by the severity of his punishment, but without having the desired effect; for he would never reveal his trust, or the place where it was deposited, to his dying day! He lived

some years after this affair, but dying January 12, 1576, was buried at the upper end of St. Mary's church, where his monument yet remains. He was succeeded in his inheritance by his son Edward Fisher, a youth of dissipated habits and extravagant disposition, by whose profligacy the property accumulated by his father was rapidly destroyed, and the estate sold to Sir John Puckering, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England; but Fisher executing a fraudulent conveyance of it, he was prosecuted in the Star Chamber; and being much oppressed with debts and other incumbrances, he was sent a prisoner to the Fleet, where he at last ended his days in a miserable confinement. Sir Henry Newton succeeded his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Puckering, in the possession of the estate; but dying without issue January 22, 1700, he bequeathed the priory to his wife's niece, Jane, relict of Sir John Bowyer,

Bart., of Knippersley, in Staffordshire; with the reversion of it to Captain Grantham, by whom it was sold to Henry Wise, Esq. of London, grandfather of Henry Christopher Wise, deceased, and great grandfather of the late Matthew Blackett Wise, Esq. and the Reverend Henry Wise, now Rector of Offchurch, the present possessor.

To the north-west of the priory lies *Wedgnock Park*, or, as it is commonly called, the "*Old Park*," enclosed shortly after the Conquest by Henry de Newburgh, following the example of Henry the First, who made the first park known in England, at Woodstock; this of Wedgnock being the second, and the first of these princely appendages ever possessed by any subject of these realms. It descended with the title into the Beauchamp family; but upon the death of Henry Duke of Warwick, the last male heir of that line, in 1445, again reverted to the crown; and was by Edward

the Sixth, in the first year of his reign, granted to John Dudley, in whose person the title of Earl of Warwick (dormant after the execution of Edward Plantagenet, in 1499) was then recently revived; but upon the subsequent attainder of the Dudleys by Queen Mary, it was passed away to Henry Jernegan, Esq., for a term of thirty years. Queen Elizabeth afterwards presented it to Sir Fulk Greville, created by James the First, Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp's Court, in this county; in the possession of whose descendant, the present Earl Brooke and Warwick, it now remains. In this park there was living some few years since a beautiful horse, which had formerly belonged to the late Lord Brooke, the eldest son of the present Earl; who dying whilst a youth at Winchester-school, this favourite animal was never ridden after the death of his noble owner; but, with his mane and tail grown to such an immoderate length

as to sweep upon the ground, was suffered to range at liberty about the park, the "chartered denizen" of its umbrageous shades.

On the confines of Wedgnock Park is a farm-house, anciently a manor-house, called *Good-rest*, from the circumstance, according to oral tradition, of its having been so named by Queen Elizabeth, on her having once passed the night there, when benighted in the neighbourhood upon a tour through the interior of the kingdom; but with more probability from its having been, according to Rous, who lived amidst the plantations in the park, near the spot, a tranquil abode, to which the Countesses of Warwick were wont to retire during the period of their *accouchement*, from the martial scenes of Warwick Castle.

The town, or Borough of Warwick, at the present day is extremely neat; the streets, which are very spacious, were originally cut through the rock

upon which it is built; and, as I have before remarked, lead by a gentle ascent from all parts towards the middle of the town; the houses of which are many of them free stone, and tolerably well built. Till within the last few years it has been a place of but little importance as to trade, or matters of commerce; its inhabitants having been principally composed of genteel families of small fortune; but it is now considerably increased by the establishment of several beneficial manufactories, and the advantages of a navigable canal from Birmingham, which communicates with the Grand Junction, and by that means with the whole kingdom.

The town has within the last few years been lighted from the charity of King Henry the Eighth; and is now also paved by a public subscription, aided by farther munificence from the purse of this benevolent monarch; an im-

provement allowed by all strangers to have been extremely desirable.

It has a fine bridge over the Avon, a handsome gaol, with a spacious county-hall, of superior convenience for judicial purposes; occasionally converted into a ball-room at the races. A bridewell, where a carpet-manufactory of considerable extent is carried on; and a town-hall, or court-house as it is termed, containing an elegant assembly-room and other appropriate apartments. These buildings are all composed of a fine sort of free stone, with which the neighbourhood abounds. It has also a spacious market-hall, lately improved at a considerable expense; and a magnificent stand upon the race-ground, recently erected by a liberal public subscription. Of the collegiate church of St. Mary, with the beautiful Beauchamp chapel adjoining, and the Deanery, now called the College, or "King's School,"

in the church-yard, I shall hereafter enter into a more detailed account.

The Avon, celebrated as the favourite stream of our immortal Bard, which rises in Naseby-field, in Northamptonshire, runs close along the side of the town; and here, situated upon its banks, and seated on an immense rock forty feet in height, with the river rolling at its foot, and proudly over-looking the ample demesne which environs it, stands *Warwick Castle*, the baronial residence of the Earls of Warwick.

The *Lodge*, from which I am now writing, is a small but elegant gothic building, erected upon a lofty eminence in the castle park over-hanging the river, and exactly opposed to the castle windows, from which it forms an interesting object, and commanding a delightful view of the gardens and the beautiful conservatory at the upper extremity of the garden lawn. The back part of it is a complete farm-house, in-

habited by the Woodman, who has the care of the park, and his wife, the venerable dame whom I have before named to you, and who has the management of the dairy. The front next the river is formed into a drawing-room neatly fitted up for the occasional reception of the family, and from its elevated situation commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. A spacious portico raised upon a flight of stone steps at the entrance to this apartment, forms an agreeable balcony; and on this enchanting spot which looks down upon the river winding below, our breakfast-table is usually laid; and here, embosomed amidst the hanging woods which surround our fairy dwelling, with the "soft-flowing Avon" stretching tranquilly at my feet, I sit for hours, rapt in admiration of the lovely scenery that environs me; and the genius of Shakspeare rises mentally on my view!

I will not attempt to enumerate with

precision the various beauties of Warwick Castle, conscious that it far exceeds my powers of description to do them justice. I have dipped my pen in the Avon! I have invoked the muse of Ratcliffe in vain! The "*cloud-capped towers*," still soar beyond my reach; and under the melancholy presentiment that *my* "mysteries" are not destined to astonish, or stiffen with "dumb amazement all," I shall endeavour to content myself with the relation of mere matter of fact for your amusement, and hasten to bring you acquainted with the traditional history of this venerable structure, and its original possessors.

——"Chiefs of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To virtue kind, to vice severe,
Strangers to bribery and fear;
Patriots who, in her better days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
Who, steady to their country's claim,
Boldly stood up in freedom's name,
E'en to the teeth of tyrant pride;
And when they could no more—they died!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Now is the time, had we the will,
To amaze the reader with our skill;
To pour forth such a flood of knowledge,
As might suffice for a whole college;
Sweetly describing in our flight,
Each common and uncommon sight;
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present."

WARWICK CASTLE is a subject of much local consequence, and to *me*, as I have before remarked, one of peculiar interest, since Lord Montague, who you may remember is allied maternally to the blood of Beauchamp, and paternally to that of Neville, whose name and arms he also bears, is descended in a collateral line of consanguinity from John, Marquis of Montague, brother to Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and consequently doubly allied to these cele-

brated heroes of the ancient house of Warwick.* Partly incited by these circumstances, I have availed myself of the advantages of our residence in its vicinity to explore the interesting annals of their earlier history, and to arrange a sort of abridged pedigree of these warlike Barons, which may not be entirely unamusing, should chance ever conduct you to this favoured scene of their earthly grandeur; I shall therefore subjoin it without farther ceremony for your perusal.

Warwick Castle was originally erected, as is supposed, upon the site of a church or chapel, dedicated to All Saints, the episcopal residence of a Saxon saint

* John Marquis of Montague was killed with his brother the "stout Earl of Warwick" at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, leaving issue five co-heiresses. The picture of this nobleman, with others of his family, was preserved at Cowdray, near Midhurst, in Sussex, the seat of the Montague family, till 1793, when the mansion was destroyed by a fire occasioned by the carelessness of the workmen employed to repair it.

or bishop, called St. Dubritius, buried at Guy's Cliff, in the chapel which he there founded, and dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and where his bones were many years afterwards discovered. The exact period of its foundation is not known with any degree of certainty, although it has been ascertained that the remains of the church of All Saints stood on the ground now forming the middle court of the castle, in the early time of Merthudus, the third British Earl of Warwick, during whose later years I am inclined to believe, from comparing historical events, that the erection of this ancient structure was begun. The castle, then probably not very strongly fortified, suffered very severely in the desolating wars of the Picts and Scots, who, about the year 448, harassed Britain by frequent incursions, and, at a later period, was entirely destroyed by the Danes, in which ruinous condition it remained until the Princess Ethelfleda,

daughter of King Alfred, became possessed of it by having the whole kingdom of Mercia, comprising the counties of Huntingdon, Rutland, Lincoln, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Oxford, Chester, Salop, Gloucester, Worcester, Stafford, Buckingham, Bedford, Hertford, and Warwick, settled upon her by her father, as a dowry upon the occasion of her marriage with the noble Ethelred, thereupon created by his royal father-in-law, Earl of Mercia. This Princess repaired its ruins about the year 912, and, in 915, erected a strong fortification, called the "Dungeon," for resistance of the enemy, upon an artificial embankment of earth, raised into a high hill, near the river side, which is still seen crowned with an embattled watch-tower on the western side of the castle. The fortification itself is now denominated "*the Mount*," under which, according to tradition, some of the chambers yet remain entire, though the en-

trance is wholly lost, being choked up with dust and rubbish. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it appears by the domesday-book, it belonged to the Crown, as a strong hold for defence of the country. After this period it flourished in great splendour for a considerable length of time, the beneficial effect of the bounty of this accomplished Princess; but, being again destroyed, it was re-built, in 1072, principally as it now stands, allowing for some trivial alterations occasioned by its necessary repairs after the injuries it sustained in the turbulent times of our earlier monarchs.

It is a venerable gothic pile uninjured by the ravages of time; the walls are of the immense thickness of fifteen feet, through which passages to most of the apartments, except the principal suite of state rooms, have been most laboriously cut; the constructure therefore bids defiance to all fear of desolation, and, proudly looking down upon the

river at its base, seems to rear its stately battlements in corroboration of its fabled grandeur. The entrance as it now stands, fronting an elegant single arched bridge thrown over the Avon, within the last few years, principally at the expense of the present Earl, is not the original approach to the castle, but a new one made, amongst a variety of other improvements, under his Lordship's tasteful direction. The embattled lodge, in front, is the habitation of the porter, and in one of the apartments, under the gateway, are shown, amongst other curiosities, some interesting proofs of the storied valour of Earl Guy, the accredited evidence of his extraordinary prowess, and still more extraordinary stature. This valiant champion, with his Countess the "fair Felicia," I shall hereafter more particularly introduce to you; but of the delicacy of this peerless dame, who was most indisputably very unlike the belles of modern days, I can form

no adequate idea, since we were in this place shown an iron riding-slipper, said to have belonged to her, and actually exhibited as a specimen of her ordinary wear! This curious article of female dress, with the immense breakfast-cup of her redoubtable consort, containing 102 gallons, and denominated "Guy's porridge-pot," excited our risibility, and certainly called forth the strongest exertion of our historic faith. A deep defile apparently cut through the rock, and fringed with a profusion of beautiful shrubs, amongst which many varieties of the flowering broom have an effect singularly elegant, leads to the second entrance, placed at the extremity of a sweeping lawn, the approach to which is formed by a small bridge over a moat, which now, destitute of water, serves for a private path into the gardens: a massy port-cullis, under a high vaulted gateway, admits into the interior court of the castle, and the inner entrance pre-

sents an appearance strongly impressive of its baronial magnificence. Warwick Castle has been the abode of heroes of no common mould; and sometimes as I wander amongst the ivied buttresses of its ancient fortress, and fancy flies back to the daring deeds of departed days, the warlike forms of its early possessors present themselves to my imagination, and Montague smiles at the enthusiasm with which I energetically exclaim—

> These were the Chiefs that kept a world in awe,
> Whose will was liberty, whose voice was law!
> These were the Chiefs that vow'd on Runny-mede,
> Alike to conquer, or alike to bleed.
> These too *thy* warlike Peers, thy Barons bold,
> Unpurchas'd patriots of the days of old!

The inner court, of which the castle occupies one side, is very spacious; nearly opposite the entrance, the mount, crowned with its ivied watch-turret, rears its towering summit over the gardens, and a high wall thickly clothed also with ivy, under which a latticed-

gate leads through the gardens into the park, terminating with an immense tower of incalculable strength called "*Guy's Tower*," * built, in 1394, by Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, forms the boundary of the others. *Cæsar's Tower*, overhanging the river which washes its foundation, is said to be coeval with the birth of our blessed Saviour, probably from the presumption of its having been built, as its name imports, in honour of Julius Cæsar, after his invasion of Britain, 54 B. C. Of the exact origin of this tower nothing certain can be known; history, as far as I have been able to ascertain, making little or no mention of it, and Dugdale scarcely if at all noticing it: but its erec-

* This tower is crowned with a battlement of massy openwork, and the author has been informed, by a person who professed to remember the fact, that the late Earl and Countess of Warwick, walking at a distance in the gardens, had the horror of beholding their youngest son, held by the heels, through one of these apertures, by an elder brother, in the adventurous quest of a sparrow's nest under the battlements.

tion, I conceive, may with more probability be ascribed to a period somewhat later, *viz.* the reign of Claudius, who, forty-three years after the birth of Christ, made a descent upon Britain, bringing with him an immense army, and a number of armed elephants, intending thereby to terrify the Britons, and frighten them out of a courage which nothing hitherto undertaken against them could subdue.

With this equipage he crossed the Channel, and effecting a landing he joined Plautius, whom he had previously sent forward to penetrate into Britain, and succeeded so far as to disarm the natives; but mercifully forbearing to confiscate the possessions of their leaders, they erected temples and altars in honour of him, and, according to Tacitus, worshipped him with sacrifices as a god. Claudius, satisfied with these triumphs, returned to Rome, leaving Plautius to subdue what yet remained unconquered of the Britons. Vespasian, under Plautius,

maintained thirty conflicts with these hardy islanders, but both being at length re-called to Rome, triumphal honours were decreed them by the Senate for their services; and Plautius being succeeded in his quality of Pro-prætor by Ostorius Scapula, this new commander shortly landed in Britain, and, having driven the remainder of the British from their strong holds, and sent their valiant leader Caractacus prisoner to Rome, he erected a chain of forts across the interior, to secure his conquests in the island, of one of the most considerable of which this tower is probably the remains. Many doubts have arisen as to the origin of Cæsar's Tower, some persons having ascribed its erection to a much later period; but, in order to combat this opinion, it has been suggested, that although the architecture of Warwick Castle is evidently of the tenth century, yet the form of Cæsar's Tower is decidedly *Roman;* that style of building,

but of smaller dimensions, being introduced in the building of London Wall about the time of Constantine the Great, 369, and at Colchester at a previous date. Round towers were common among the ancient Britons before the Roman invasion. King, and other antiquarians, suppose they were first introduced in the West of England by the Cornish traders in tin, who had communication with the Levant: hence it is known that, before the Roman invasion, our military edifices bore evident marks of the Phœnician and Massilian Greek style. The Romans, in the castles built by them, frequently adopted the circular form for their keep-towers, and, amongst the few existing remains of them, those are acknowledged by antiquaries to be genuine Roman, where the facing consists of several courses of bricks, between every eight or ten of rough or hewn stone. The octagonal keep-tower was a prevailing feature in castles of the Saxon and

Norman time, and both circular and octagonal ones may be found in buildings of the same date; but the circular tower is far more ancient, being common to the Phœnicians and Syrians, as well as the Britons. Many Roman fortresses were erected in Warwickshire during the reign of Claudius, and there is reason to believe that both Cæsar's Tower at Warwick, and some parts of Kenilworth Castle, were the remains of Roman fortresses from the circumstance of the mouldings, and other details of the buildings, being executed with a degree of exactness and precision, to which the Saxon and Norman architects were comparatively strangers. After all, if this edifice is not really Roman, it must have been rebuilt, as was the practice of the Saxons and Normans, on the site, and in exact imitation, of the original Roman building, which frequently served them as an archetype.

A noble portico, with a flight of stone

steps, forms the grand entrance of the castle, and leads through a spacious hall, painted as we were informed by Vandyck, though I believe somewhat out of his usual line, into a magnificent suite of state apartments. This celebrated master, during his residence in England, devoted a large portion of his labours to the enrichment of the Earl of Warwick's valuable collection, and to this nobleman, with the families of Pembroke and Arundel, he gave the principal part of his time. Of his works, together with those of Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, and others of the best masters, Lord Warwick possesses an ample share, I shall not however attempt to particularise them at large, since a mere catalogue of paintings, which are usually very ably enumerated to strangers, must be as uninteresting as it is unnecessary. I shall therefore point out a few only which appeared particularly interesting from my accidental recollection of the

historical consequence of their originals, and which I shall here endeavour to recall to your memory, commencing my biographical digression with a short memoir of *Prince Rupert*, whose portrait, at the entrance of one of the principal state rooms, conveys, as we were told, a striking resemblance of this celebrated hero.

Prince Rupert, born Duke of Bavaria, and Count Palatine of the Rhine, was son of Frederic, Elector Palatine, afterwards King of Bohemia; and Elizabeth of England, daughter of King James the First, to whose weakness and irresolution the misfortunes of his daughter and her descendants were, in a great measure, attributable. The marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth took place in Feb. 1613, and was celebrated with all imaginable splendour, the Court having recently laid aside its mourning for Henry, Prince of Wales, who had died by poison, as it was gene-

rally believed, the year before. This match was so agreeable in the eyes of the whole nation, that the people cheerfully contributed to the payment of the marriage portion; and the City of London, desirous to evince their approbation of it, presented the royal bride by the hands of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with a valuable chain of the finest oriental pearl. The rejoicings upon this happy occasion being concluded, the Elector and his fair consort embarked on board the fleet lying in the Downs to convey them to Flushing, from whence they proceeded to Heidelburgh, attended by a numerous retinue of the youthful British nobility, where some years after the illustrious subject of this narrative was born. A war breaking out in a few years, between the Emperor and the Bohemians, the Elector Palatine was chosen King of Bohemia; but he was no sooner invested with the Crown than the Emperor directed all his forces against

the city of Prague, and not only drove the ill-fated Monarch from his throne, but forced his young Queen and her children to seek a precarious asylum in the Low Countries, where Prince Rupert, destined from infancy to a military life, passed his earliest years in acquiring a knowledge of warlike affairs. The embassies and mediation of his grandfather, James the First, for the restitution of the Palatinate, being, by the artifices of Gondemar, the Spanish Ambassador, rendered of no avail, Prince Rupert, at thirteen years of age, marched under the command of the Prince of Orange to the siege of Rhineberg, where, even at that early age, he highly distinguished himself by his bravery, and upon various occasions proved himself such a proficient in the science of military tactics, that at eighteen years of age he was deemed adequate to the command of a regiment of horse in Germany, which was accordingly bestowed

upon him. In the battle of Lemgow, he was taken prisoner by the Imperialists under the command of Count Hatzfield, and remained upwards of three years in captivity, till by the mediation of his uncle, Charles the First, who had recently ascended the throne of England, he was set at liberty; and England being then in a state of civil discord, he came over from the Continent with his brothers, Charles, Prince Palatine, and Prince Maurice, and offered his services in the reduction of the commotions which then agitated this country. In 1642 he was instituted a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and, immediately afterwards entering into active service, he was present in almost every battle fought during this memorable period of anarchy and rebellion. He was shortly afterwards appointed a General of Horse in the English service, in which station he gave ample proofs of his courage and military abilities, though

some authors aver that his valour was marked by a degree of impetuosity, in some instances of fatal consequence to the interests of his royal uncle. He fought and routed the rebels near Worcester, under the command of Colonel Sands. In the memorable battle of Edge-hill, he fought with distinguished bravery; the victory however still remained uncertain, both sides, as it appears, claiming and giving God thanks for that to which neither was entitled, although what appearance there was of victory certainly belonged to the King, who kept the field, and made himself master of the plunder that remained. In this battle, fought Oct. 23, 1642, in which Charles the Second, at the age of *thirteen* years, and his brother, afterwards James the Second, at the age of *ten* years, personally served, it is said, that Oliver Cromwell, being quartered with his troop of horse in the neighbouring village of Kineton, purposely

staid away till the engagement was over, pretending that he could not find the way into the field, although the discharge of the ordnance was heard to a distance of thirty miles round the country. That he did *not* appear during the battle seems to be established beyond all doubt, for Dugdale reports that he got to the top of a neighbouring steeple, from whence he beheld the engagement; and that when the left wing of the Parliament's army was furiously routed by Prince Rupert, he slipped down the bell-rope, and ran away with his troop! This heroic commander was also present at the seize of Newark, the taking of Cirencester, Bristol, Litchfield, and Latham-house, and bore a prominent part in the sanguinary battles of Newberry and Marston-moor.

As a reward for his signal services, he was, in 1644, created Duke of Cumberland, and Earl of Holdernesse, both English honours, and Generalissimo of

the King's forces both by sea and land. He afterwards attended King Charles into the north; but Cromwell and Fairfax, having in the mean time beleaguered Oxford, he returned thither, and taking Leicester by storm, they shortly raised the siege at Oxford; and the two armies at length met at Naseby-field, in Northamptonshire, where the bloody battle so fatal to King Charles and his adherents was desperately fought in June, 1645.* Prince Rupert was afterwards besieged in Bristol, but surrendering upon terms of capitulation, he joined King Charles at Oxford, who, despairing of relief, departed for Scotland; and, Oxford being shortly delivered up to the Parliament, the Prince crossed over to France,

* Naseby-field, ever memorable in the annals of English history for this engagement, is also remarkable from the circumstance of Oliver Cromwell's having been privately interred there, as it is said, according to his own request, upon his death in 1658. This spot is also famous for the rise of two rivers, the Avon and Welland, one falling into the western, the latter into the eastern sea.

off the coast of which his youngest brother, Prince Maurice, had recently perished in a violent storm at sea.

Prince Rupert remained on the Continent till the restoration of his cousin, Charles the Second, by whom he was again affectionately invited over to England, and in 1666 made a Privy Counsellor, and Admiral of the fleet against the Dutch, in concert with General Monk, lately created Duke of Albemarle, whom he preserved from the imminent danger to which he was exposed, by having accidentally encountered the French with but a few of the English fleet under his command. As a farther reward for his many eminent services, he was by King Charles the Second, remunerated with the gift of the Wardenship of Windsor Castle, and a grant of 4000l. per annum for the support of his dignity, but which he did not live long to enjoy; for after a life of singular misfortune, but untarnished glory, he died

November 29, 1681, in the sixty-second year of his age.*

The portrait of this illustrious hero is placed amongst a variety of others, viz. Mary Queen of Scots, a fine half length of Anna Bullen, the Lords Richard and Robert Brooke, &c. in the first room of the suite, leading from the great hall. In the second apartment is a fine representation by Rubens, of *Ignatius Loyola*, founder and finally General of the Order of the Jesuits. This painting is extremely beautiful, the countenance is singular and strikingly expressive: the history and conversion of this celebrated devotée being marked by a change somewhat extraordinary, I shall here relate the particulars.

Ignatius Loyola, according to Bishop Hurd, was born in 1491, in the province

* Prince Rupert introduced the art of engraving in mezzotinto into England, having, as it is said, discovered it himself, from the accidental sight of a soldier cleaning a rusty gun.

of Guipuscoa, in Castile; and received his education at the Court of their Most Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In his early youth he discovered a martial disposition, and signalised himself at the siege of Pampeluna, where he was dangerously wounded and taken prisoner by a detachment from the French army. During his illness and subsequent captivity from the chances of war, he accidentally met with some books of piety, the frequent study of which during his confinement gave birth to his first ideas of devoting himself to God for the remainder of his life. As soon as he had recovered from his wounds and obtained his release, he undertook a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Montferrat, in Catalonia; where he solemnly dedicated himself to the Virgin, and took a resolution to travel upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He arrived at that place in 1523, where

he visited all the holy places, and performed the usual pious offices of a pilgrim; and returning to Spain, commenced his religious career with the study of grammar at Barcelona. He afterwards went through a variety of courses in divinity and philosophy at Alcala; but associating himself with four other students of the same University, they adopted a peculiar sort of habit, composed of brown woollen cloth, and applied themselves with unusual severity to the same studies. His fame beginning to increase, the number of those who came to hear his lectures increased also; and this circumstance occasioning much jealousy and discontent amongst the Inquisitors of the city of Alcala, he was taken up and imprisoned by order of the Grand Vicar, but shortly released under a strict injunction to appear clothed as the other students, and to refrain from lecturing

upon religious subjects until he had completed the usual term of four years study in divinity.

Disgusted with these restrictions he retired .to Salamanca, where he continued to declaim in public as well as in private upon moral subjects. At Salamanca he was again thrown into prison upon an information laid against him by the Dominicans, and obtaining his release with much difficulty, he resolved to leave his native country and go to Paris, with a firm determination for the future to prosecute his studies in that city. Ignatius arrived at Paris in the month of February, 1528, but in such a state of extreme poverty, that his necessities compelled him to seek relief from the casual bounty of strangers; and the accidental aids which he received from the charitably disposed were the only means by which he was enabled to pursue his intentions.

The fervency of his zeal drew him

into troubles here also; for at Paris he was vehemently accused of attempting to over-turn the discipline of St. Barbara: but surmounting this difficulty, he formed a society of *ten* persons, who entered into a vow with him, of which the following are the heads:—"To live in poverty, to renounce the good things of this life, and to devote themselves to preaching the Gospel amongst the Infidels." In 1535, Ignatius falling sick from the severity of his practice, by the advice of his physicians returned to Spain, to try the effects of his native air; from whence, upon the restoration of his health, he embarked for Venice, the appointed rendezvous of his companions, where they at length all met in the habit of pilgrims, intending to travel towards Jerusalem in a body; but a war having broke out between the Turks and the Venetians, they could not readily find opportunity of prosecuting their design. Baffled in this

scheme, Ignatius, accompanied by two of his brethren, departed for Rome, to offer their services to the Pope; and upon this journey Ignatius was favoured with a vision, in which the form of the Holy Jesus, bearing his Cross, was discovered to him, and from whose sacred lips, according to tradition, he received the following comfortable assurance—"I will be favourable to thee at Rome." Animated by this divine intimation, Ignatius persevered in the discharge of his religious duties according to the established obligations of his sect, and was speedily rejoined at Rome by the rest of his companions, where they sedulously exerted themselves in the propagation of their doctrines; and here Ignatius first formed the design of instituting a new order of religious association. After mature deliberation it was determined to add to the customary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, a fourth, which bound them to travel

into all countries, Christian or infidel, whithersoever the Pope should deem it necessary to send them; and in consequence of this additional vow, Xavier, one of the first companions of the Order, embarked for the Indies, where he continued a long time indefatigable in his religious labours. In 1540, Pope Paul the Third gave the society a Bull, denominating them "The Society of Jesus," with power to make new statutes, as they should think requisite for the advancement of religion, and farther creating Ignatius Loyola General of the Order, which in a short time spread itself all over the world; Ignatius sending his companions into all quarters of the globe, himself remaining stationary at Rome, as Governor of the whole society.

He retained his post of General till his death, which happened July 13, 1555, leaving his Order in possession of twelve extensive provinces, obtained under his

direction, and which have since accumulated to the incredible number of thirty-five provinces, two vice-provinces, thirty-three professed houses, 578 colleges, forty-eight houses of probation, eighty-eight seminaries, 160 residences, 106 missions, and in all 17,665 Jesuits, as appears by their catalogue printed at Rome, 1709.

This digression is unavoidably somewhat long, I will not therefore add to it by remark, but pass on to the fair *Henrietta Maria*, Queen of Charles the First, whose portrait by Vandyck is placed in the room adjoining, and some account of whom may not be unacceptable from the singular circumstances attending the courtship and marriage of this unfortunate pair.

A treaty of marriage having been proposed between Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James the First, and the Spanish Infanta, daughter of Philip the Third, the match had been delayed

upon various pretences, till the Prince at length died before its conclusion, at the early age of nineteen, poisoned, as was generally supposed, through the machinations of Carr, Viscount Rochester, afterwards Earl of Somerset, the favourite minion of his Father, against whom the Prince had ever expressed his decided antipathy. James at this period, somewhat anxious for the Spanish alliance, deputed his second son, Prince Charles, then by his brother's death become Prince of Wales, to succeed him in his pretensions to the hand of the Spanish Princess. The policy of the Court of Madrid still however withheld the ratification of the treaty, till the young Prince provoked at the delay, and extremely desirous to behold his intended bride, resolved to urge them to some determination on the affair; and stimulated by the wild schemes of his favourite companion the Marquis of Buckingham, he obtained the consent

of James, and departed privately for Madrid, in the prosecution of a scheme suggested by the thoughtless Buckingham, and accompanied by that nobleman, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter, the latter of whom had formerly been resident some years at the Spanish Court. The Prince and his companion Buckingham, disguised in vast wigs and false beards, passed as brothers, and set out for Spain under the familiar appellation of Jack and Tom Smith. Upon this expedition they rested one day in Paris, which they passed in seeing every thing worth notice that their short abode in it would permit; and it happening to be a day upon which (as was the custom) the King of France dined in public, they seized the opportunity of crowding with other strangers into the gallery, to witness the splendours of the Court, and to catch a view of the royal family at dinner; and here, peeping from under

his immense periwig, and hustled amongst the promiscuous crowd assembled for the same purpose, Charles the First saw, and became enamoured of, the beautiful Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth, and sister of the reigning monarch. He quitted Paris however early on the following day, possibly little aware that this transient view had finally decided his fate, although it certainly rendered him less susceptible of the charms of the Spanish Princess.

The gay party reached Madrid without interruption, and taking up their abode at the English Ambassador's, as soon as it was dark Buckingham accompanied the Earl of Bristol, the English Minister resident at Madrid, to Court, to announce in a private audience the unexpected arrival of the royal lover. The King somewhat astonished at this proceeding instantly summoned his Council, and, after due debate, sent his

minister, the Duke d'Olivarez, to congratulate him on his arrival; and this ceremony duly performed, with abundance of civilities upon both sides, his Most Catholic Majesty followed speedily himself.

In this interview such a profusion of protestations and compliments were lavished upon the Prince for the gallantry of his undertaking, that, believing the match now as good as concluded, he strove to banish the fair Henrietta from his mind, and prepared for the completion of his engagements to the Spanish Infanta.

On the morrow, as soon as he had recovered from the fatigue of his journey, the Spanish monarch came in person to conduct him to Court, with as much splendour and parade as though it had been a coronation: the Prince riding through the streets upon a horse richly caparisoned on his Majesty's right hand, and the Earl of Bristol, the Eng-

lish Ambassador, as gorgeously mounted on his left; the Queen and the Infanta, closely veiled, witnessing the procession from the windows of the palace. The Prince was next presented to the Queen, with a repetition of the ceremonies and compliments of the night before. He was placed between their Majesties upon a third royal seat; and, when half an hour had been passed in conversation, the Queen, rising with great majesty, put an end to the interview, and attending him with her Ladies to the door of her anti-chamber, the King in person conducted him to an apartment of the palace allotted to him, and delivered him in charge to the Lords appointed to attend upon him.

All this time the Prince vainly languished for a sight of the Infanta; but he was not permitted this indulgence, it being contrary to the etiquette of the Spanish Court; and although many weeks elapsed before it was deemed

allowable, he never once caught a glimpse of his intended bride, except upon one occasion, when he accidentally encountered her in some of the avenues of the palace, returning closely veiled with her Ladies from her prayers. For a time the royal lover submitted to this restraint; but his patience being at length exhausted, he ventured to remonstrate against the formality which kept them such utter strangers to each other; and, persevering in his demand of an interview with the Infanta, his request was at last acceded to, and he was permitted a ceremonious acquaintance with her upon state occasions, the Spanish and English Ambassadors being invariably present at the conference, it being contrary to Spanish etiquette for the Prince to see her as a lover, until the Pope's dispensation arrived from Rome for that purpose. Weary of the continual observance of such unmeaning ceremony, and disgusted with some new sti-

pulations proposed by the Pope, the patience of the Prince became entirely worn out; and the charms of the fair Henrietta recurring strongly to his recollection, he began to cool in his pursuit of the Infanta, and willingly obeying the commands of his father, he took a formal leave of the Spanish Court, and embarked at St. Andero for England without more delay.

Upon this parting a pillar was erected upon the spot where the Prince took leave of the Spanish Monarch; and presents of great value were mutually exchanged, and engagements entered into on both sides for the completion of the alliance, notwithstanding the secret resolution of the Prince to break it off as soon as a proper opportunity presented itself. In the mean time the match, for political reasons, appeared to be decided upon, and the marriage ceremony was actually fixed for Dec. 9, 1623, although all the time it was secretly determined

that it should never take place. Preparations were all this while publicly making for the Infanta's journey to England; her establishment was settled by Parliament, her household arranged, and she had been for some time employed in making herself mistress of the English language, when King James sent instructions to his Ambassador to demand the restitution of the Palatinate, as a preliminary step to the completion of the marriage. The Spanish Court demurred awhile in their answer; but the Earl of Bristol, being instructed to persist in this demand, was also directed to inform his Catholic Majesty, that unless this measure was acceded to, the proposed alliance with the Infanta could proceed no farther; upon which, as had been foreseen, the match was suddenly broken off, and the Ambassador recalled in high displeasure. The Prince, rejoiced at his release from these unpleasant engagements, waited no longer than decency

required, ere he prevailed on King James to dispatch the Earl of Holland into France, to learn whether the fair object of his new passion was engaged. Lord Holland remained at Paris some time without even hinting the purport of his mission; but an explanation at length having taken place, Louis the Thirteenth gladly accepted the offer of an alliance with England for his sister; and marriage articles between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Henrietta were finally agreed upon. The death of James shortly after interrupting the completion of this new alliance, the marriage was delayed till the year after, when the Duke of Buckingham being sent over to France with a suitable equipment of the navy royal of England, to attend the illustrious bride, she embarked at Boulogne, and landing at Dover in twenty-four hours, Charles met her there himself; and conducting her in great state to Canterbury, the marriage ceremony was performed the

evening of their arrival there, June 13, 1625.

The fate of this unhappy monarch is well known; and during the commotions which distracted the latter part of his reign, the courageous Henrietta hazarded the greatest personal dangers, and escaped over to France to demand assistance for her unfortunate husband, with which she soon returned, and landed at Scarborough, luckily missing a squadron of men of war sent by the Parliament to intercept her. The Queen, with abundance of arms, money, and ammunition, brought with her from France, marched undauntedly through the heart of the kingdom with her supplies; and on June 22, 1643, entered Stratford-upon-Avon at the head of 3,000 foot and 1,500 horse, followed by fifty-nine waggons laden with stores, and a suitable train of artillery, to join Prince Rupert, and another body of troops under his command.—After sojourning at Strat-

ford some time, she marched from thence to the plains of Kyneton, to meet the King, and was actually present in the camp of her royal consort during the bloody battle of Edge Hill.—Henrietta Maria was shortly afterwards proclaimed a traitoress by the Parliament; and at the earnest solicitation of her husband, whom she could scarcely be prevailed on to leave, for her own security, she went over to France, where she suffered numerous hardships; and, after the King's death, married, secondly, Lord St. Albans, who treated her most cruelly. She died Aug. 10, 1669, twenty years after the merciless execution of King Charles.

Amongst a diffused collection of paintings, too numerous to describe, there is also a striking portrait of Wortley Montague, of eccentric memory; a Duchess of Parma; Mary Queen of Scots; a Dutch boy at play; an officer of the Dutch Guard; the Earl of Arundel; Vandyke; Ruben's wife, painted by

himself; a Lady Abbess; Queen Elizabeth, esteemed a striking likeness; Charles the First on horseback; with a variety of storms, shipwrecks, game, flower pieces, &c. &c. many of them the works of the best masters. These paintings, with some fine marble busts, are tastefully arranged in an extensive suite of state apartments, adorned with the most superb furniture, consisting of a profusion of fine tessellated and mosaic marble tables, cabinets richly inlaid with a singular species of arabesque work in brass and tortoise shell, Etruscan vases, and other rare and costly specimens of art, in addition to which are numerous valuable relics of antiquity collected under the scientific research of the late Sir William Hamilton, the maternal uncle of the present Earl of Warwick. In one of these rooms, wainscotted entirely with the finest cedar, is a pair of Venetian mirrors, of extraordinary dimensions, with a chandelier of exquisite

beauty, which adding much to the effect of the illuminated vases, occasionally disposed on marble brackets about the apartment, and lighted, as we were informed, upon public occasions, must exhibit an appearance of singular brilliancy. The state bed-chamber is hung with the celebrated suit of arras hangings, containing the history of Earl Guy, and his achievements, the possession of which was so warmly contested by some of the ancient bearers of this illustrious title. In this apartment, upon an antique bed raised under a canopy of embossed crimson velvet, several crowned heads have at various times reposed, viz. Edward the Fourth, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Ann, and in 1798 the Stadtholder and late Princess of Orange. It was also prepared for the reception of his Majesty, upon his intended visit to the Earl of Warwick in 1805, for which many other costly preparations were also made, seven royal beds having been erected in the

castle, in expectation of this distinguished honour. Notwithstanding the incredible thickness of the walls, the architectural dimensions of these apartments are so exact, that upon inspecting the key-hole of the first door, the eye distinctly reaches through the others to the window of the last room in the suite; the number of which, if I am correct in my recollection, is seven in length.

Returning back from this splendid range, an arched passage cut through the wall leads into the armoury, where a variety of implements of ancient warfare are most terrifically exhibited, amongst which we were shown the coat of mail in which *Lord Robert Brooke* was slain at the siege of Lichfield in 1643, and which is still plentifully besprinkled with his blood.

This tragical event was marked by equally singular and awful circumstances; I shall therefore relate it upon historical authority. During the civil wars of

Charles the First the close of Lichfield sustained three several sieges; and the King having, in August, 1642, erected his standard at Nottingham, the inhabitants of Lichfield formed themselves into a troop of horse, under the influence of Sir Richard Dyott, the command of which was given to his son, Richard Dyott, Esq.: and the close being a place of considerable strength, and fortified by many walls and bastions, was early in 1643 garrisoned by the inhabitants, under the command of the Earl of Chesterfield. Lord Robert Brooke lost his life in the attack upon this place. The circumstances are differently related; but the following is believed to be the most authentic account of the affair:—Lord Brooke, naturally a man of very amiable disposition, had been so strongly tainted with the fanatic principles of the times, through the influence of a near relation, a zealous bigot against the established discipline of the church, that nothing

less than the entire extirpation of episcopacy could appease his vengeance against it; and marching at the head of his forces against the cathedral at Lichfield, he halted within half a mile of the town, and drawing up his army, he devoutly prayed the blessing of Heaven on his intended work, earnestly desiring that the Almighty would vouchsafe them some especial token, in manifestation of his approbation of their design. This done, he marched forwards to the siege, and planting his ordnance against the south-east gate of the close, he took his own station in a small house near the spot, to direct the gunners in their dreadful operations. Being desirous of obtaining a more advantageous point of view than his station commanded, he crossed the street, and entering a passage through an opposite house, he made his way behind the houses to the place where the artillery was planted, from the windows

of a house near to which he gave his directions.

While he was engaged in this office, a sudden shout burst from the soldiery; and Lord Brooke lifting up his beaver, to look for the occasion of it, was observed by Mr. Dyott, a gentleman known in Lichfield by the familiar appellation of "Dumb Dyott," one of the most zealous partizans of the royal cause, stationed amongst others on the battlements of the cathedral, who, levelling his piece at him, shot him directly through the head, the ball entering at his eye, and killed him on the spot!

The body of Lord Brooke was the next day removed for interment in his family vault; and some time after the siege the circumstance was commemorated by the exact spot on which he died being marked out on the pavement by a lozenge, composed of small white stones, with a tablet affixed to the walls

of a house adjoining, bearing the following inscription, which is still remaining:—

"March 2d, 1643, Lord Brooke, a General of the Parliament forces, preparing to besiege the close of Lichfield, then garrisoned for King Charles the First, received his death wound on the spot beneath this inscription, by a shot in the forehead from Mr. Dyott, a gentleman who had placed himself on the battlements of the great steeple to annoy the besiegers." *

Moralizing upon this awful manifestation of the displeasure of the Almighty, we were next shown the armour of the gay and gallant *Sir Philip Sidney*, in which he was unfortunately slain at the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586. This accomplished hero, the author of the

* Vide Harward's History of Litchfield.

Arcadia, and some other works, was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Elizabeth Dudley, daughter of John Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and nephew to the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford; and immediately after his leaving the University, departed on the grand tour. In 1572 he attended Lord Burleigh, the Queen's Secretary, and the Earl of Leicester, to Paris, whither they had been invited, with a most mischievous intention, to assist at the celebration of the nuptials of Henry King of Navarre with the Princess Margaret, sister of the French King, Charles the Ninth: the Elector Palatine, and the Queen Dowager of Navarre, together with Admiral Coligni, and divers others, being also brought thither with the same horrid design; and these noble personages, with the heads of the Protestant party

from England, being thus got together, it was secretly intended that they should be all murdered in the dreadful massacre of the Protestants which took place in the night after the marriage, being the festival of St. Bartholomew, Aug. 25, 1572, and historically denominated "*Matins de Paris.*" This diabolical carnage was begun by the secret orders of the French King, at the instigation of his sanguinary mother, Catherine de Medicis, and was followed up by the general butchery of the Protestants of all ranks and denominations, throughout France, to the amount of 70,000. Lord Burleigh, with the Earl of Leicester and his nephew, against all of whom the Queen Mother of France entertained a mortal enmity, from their having opposed the marriage of Queen Elizabeth with her youngest son, Francis Duke of Alençon, fortunately escaped this bloody slaughter, by taking refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, who, in his

quality of English Ambassador, resolutely afforded protection to all such as fled to him in this dreadful consternation. Sir Philip Sidney afterwards married the only daughter of this gentleman; and at twenty-one years of age was sent by Queen Elizabeth, as the most accomplished gentleman of his time, to compliment the Emperor Rodolphus the Second upon his accession to the Imperial throne. Returning from this embassy, he was next ordered to pay his court to Don John of Austria, then Viceroy of the Low Countries for the King of Spain, and universally allowed to be the proudest man of the age in which he lived. Don John at first treated Sidney as a mere boy, and showed him but little respect, on account of his youth and presumed inexperience; but having once heard him discourse upon some political subject which he had occasion to treat upon, he was so much struck by the force of his arguments, and the

elegance of his manners, that he ever after admitted him to his closest intimacy. In 1580 he was put in nomination for the crown of Poland, which he most undoubtedly would have obtained, had not Queen Elizabeth, fearful of losing the brightest jewel of the British crown, secretly opposed his election, and finally succeeded in her aim.

After a series of high employments in 1585, he projected a voyage to America, in concert with Sir Francis Drake; but the Queen, accidentally discovering their design, was unwilling to risk the loss of a person of such worth, and compelled him to abandon the enterprise, and return to Court, upon which she appointed him Governor of Flushing, one of the towns delivered up to her by the Dutch, and General of Horse under the command of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. Upon this service he attended Grave Maurice, son of the Prince of Orange, into the Low Countries; and, entering

Flanders, took the fortress of Exel by surprise.

He next made an attempt upon Gravelines, and in the battle of Zutphen, in which he lost his life, he displayed the most undaunted courage. During this engagement he had two horses killed under him, and was mounting a third upon the field of battle, when he was dangerously wounded by a musket-shot, which shattered the bone of his thigh. "The horse he rode upon," says Lord Brooke, his affectionate panegyrist, "was rather furiously choleric, than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field of battle; but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry such a martial commander to his grave." In this wounded condition he rode back to the camp, a mile and a half, on horseback; and in his progress passing by the rest of the army, and being faint with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but

as he was lifting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, that had been wounded at the same time, who wishfully casting his eyes up at the bottle, the gallant, generous, heroic Sidney, regardless of his own sufferings, and compassionating the anguish of the wounded soldier, took the bottle from his mouth before he had drank, and delivered it to the other, saying, "My friend, thy necessity is yet greater than mine!" He was immediately conveyed to Arnheim, where the principal surgeons of the camp attended him for sixteen days, during which they were in great hopes of his recovery; but the fatal ball being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost fortitude, and expired on Oct. 16, 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age, and in the highest bloom of manly beauty.—The States of Zealand petitioned Queen Elizabeth for the honour of burying this

illustrious hero; but the Queen, in high consideration of his merit and accomplishments, added to her own particular regard for him, declined their request, and gave orders that he should be buried at her own expense; upon which his body was brought from Arnheim to Flushing, and having lain in state there for the space of eight days, it was, upon the 1st of November, put on board a vessel with all military honours, and shortly after landed at the Tower Wharf, from whence it was conveyed to the Minories, where it again lay in state till the 16th of February following, when his funeral was solemnized with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral; the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge composing verses to his memory, and King James of Scotland honouring it with a Latin epitaph of his own royal composition.

Breathing a tributary sigh to the memory of the gallant Sidney, we next proceeded to an apartment adjoining the

armoury, decorated with a strange assortment of savage finery, amongst which are some curious specimens of Otaheitan habiliments, procured in the voyages made by the late Captain Vancouver, and presented by his brother to the present Earl of Warwick. In this range of apartments there is an elegant chapel, in which service is occasionally performed by the domestic chaplain of the family; as also a spacious dining-room, ornamented with fine whole length paintings of Frederic Prince of Wales in his royal robes, and the late Princess of Wales, with his present Majesty in his infancy: the single window-curtain of this room, as we are informed, contains 100 yards of drapery. These, with a handsome breakfast-room, containing, amongst other valuable portraits, an interesting one of Mary Queen of Scots, and James the First, and a well arranged library, both overlooking the river, com-

pose the whole of the apartments to which strangers are usually admitted.

The gardens, which are very extensive, are most tastefully laid out. The spacious green-house, or conservatory, placed at the extremity of a fine lawn descending to the river, is an elegant modern erection of gothic design, and is amply stored with a variety of valuable exotics, and a numerous collection of indigenous plants. In the centre of this building is placed the antique marble vase, so highly celebrated in the scientific world for its extraordinary magnitude, and the simple beauty of its workmanship, and which is now nearly covered with the creeping plants that surround its base. It was originally found in three pieces; but two of the heads are modern; and an inscription, of which the following is a copy, signifies that it was dug up in the Gardens of Tivoli, a country residence of the Emperor Ha-

drian, at a short distance from Rome, and was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, from whom to his nephew Lord Warwick

" Hoc pristinæ artis
Romanæque magnificentiæ monumentum
Ruderibus villæ Tiburtinæ
Hadriano Aug: in deliciis habitæ effossum
Restitui curavit.
Eques Gulielmus Hamilton,
A Georgio 3°, Mag: Brit: rege
Ad Sicil. Regem Ferdinandum 4 legatum
Et in patriam transmissum patrio
Bonarum artium genio dicavit.
An: Ac: N. CIↃDCCLXXIV."

At the extremity of an irregular pathway on the banks of the river, leading from the foot of the mount towards the mill, is a brass tablet fixed in the wall under the castle windows, bearing the following inscription :—

" Juxta hanc ripam è cymbâ submersus fuit
Gualterus Bagot Jani. 10°. A. D. 1800, Ætis. suæ 22.
Oh ! crudelis Avon Stygiâ infelicior undâ
Suaviloquus posthàc non tibi prosit olor!
Merso namque tuo violenti in gurgite nato,
Hæc verba inscripsit flens et amans genitor."

This affecting commemoration of the fate of a beloved son is, I believe, considered as a composition of much classic elegance. The melancholy occasion of its erection was as follows: — Lord Brooke, the eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, having been chosen as steward of the county assembly, intended to be held at Warwick on the evening of Jan. 10, 1800, a fashionable assemblage of visitors were invited to the castle on this pleasurable occasion, and disposed of themselves during the morning in various ways. In pursuance of some scheme of amusement, Mr. Bagot, son of the Hon. and Rev. W. Bagot, of Blithefield, in Staffordshire, accompanied by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, quitted the rest of the party, and strolling accidentally into the gardens, took possession of a boat moored off the garden stairs, near the foot of the mount. The weather at this season of the year is generally unfavourable for an aquatic

excursion; but at this period it was particularly dangerous, for the river had risen to an amazing height, by the heavy swell of the winter floods, occasioned by a continued fall of rain for many days, and rushing over the mill-dam with frightful impetuosity, exhibited a torrent of the most terrifying aspect. Mr. Bagot, unacquainted with the course of the stream, became aware, though too late, of the danger of their frolic; and vainly endeavoured, as the boat was carried rapidly towards the mill, to force it back to the place where they had so inconsiderately embarked; but his efforts were unavailing; for, although aided by the powerful exertions of his companion, the boat was unable to withstand the torrent, and repeatedly dashing against the mill-dam, and upsetting from the violence of the shock, both the gentlemen were instantly buried in the stream. Mr. Beresford quickly rose again, and remained clinging to the rock till assistance came

to his relief; but Mr. Bagot never!—The body, owing to the tempestuous violence of the waters, was not found until the next morning, although the most unremitting exertions were continued for its recovery, during the remainder of the day and ensuing night. It is needless to add that no assembly took place. This distressing accident happened in the presence of the Countess of Warwick, who, standing at the drawing-room window which looked down upon the river, conversing with some of her visitors, had superadded to the horror of witnessing it the additional agony of believing, for some time, that the sufferer was her eldest son, from the circumstance of Lord Brooke's fondness for rowing, and his being accidentally missing at the moment of alarm! The remains of Mr. Bagot lay in state the usual time at Warwick Castle, from whence they were removed for interment to his family vault at Tachbrooke, near

Warwick; and as we rested in the alcove near the spot where it happened, after listening to the account of this melancholy catastrophe, the following lines occurred to my imagination :—

Beneath this slope, where weeping willows lave
Their flexile branches in thy classic wave,
Majestic Avon! Bagot met his doom,
And found in thy cold breast an early tomb.
Ill fated youth! in life's gay thoughtless morn,
On pleasure's sportive pinion lightly borne,
Flush'd with the ardour of advent'rous pride,
In vain he strove the reeling bark to guide;
Grasp'd with unskilful hand the fateful oar,
And, hapless victim, sunk to rise no more!
Oft on thy banks, where Nature's fav'rite child
Sang midst his native shades his "wood notes wild,"
Shall graceful youth and timid beauty stray,
To mark with fearful eye thy wat'ry way;
Oft pensive memory love to linger here,
And sooth his shadow with a pitying tear!

CHAPTER XXII.

"Nor be unsung
The goodly train of chiefs by Warwick's name
Distinguish'd. And by deeds of fair renown
Gracing the much-lov'd title,
To thy line transferred, O Greville! last.
Late may it there remain!
With promise fair as now—(more fair what heart
Parental craves?)—of long transmissive worth,
Proud Warwick's name with growing fame to grace,
And crown with lasting joy its castled hill!"

ARTHUR, King of the Britons, who flourished about 516 A. D. and whose valour was so great that many yet believe the accounts of it rather fabulous than real, having vanquished the Saxons, and entirely driven them out of his kingdom, after twelve successive battles, (in one of which, fought at Caerbadon in Berkshire, it is asserted that he killed no less than 440 of the enemy with his own hand,) and also conquered Norway,

Sweden, and the principal part of France, was crowned at Paris; and returning home in great splendour, he maintained his fame with such dignity and renown, that a vast concourse of foreign princes, and other valiant knights, flocked to his Court, from all parts of the world, to bear witness to his triumphs, and to give evidence of their valour in the princely exercise of arms, and other deeds of chivalry usual in those ancient times. The King, unwilling to create controversies amongst his noble guests, by seeming to give precedence to one more than another, caused an immense round table to be erected in the great hall at Winchester, where he then held his Court; at which it was so contrived that no person could take place of another; and selecting a fraternity of four-and-twenty, he elected it into an order of knighthood, dignifying the knights whom he had chosen companions with

the title of "Knights of King Arthur's Round Table," himself to be their chief.

These princely meetings were held at Winchester, to which place they annually resorted at Whitsuntide with suitable pomp, the great hall in Winchester Castle being the splendid scene of their carousals; where, according to report, the remains of the identical round table were extant in the time of Charles the Second. Into this society none were admitted but such as had given sufficient proofs of their prowess and dexterity in deeds of arms, or were otherwise renowned for their feats of valour or virtuous life.

King Arthur, some time after the foundation of this noble Order, being engaged for the welfare of his kingdom in foreign wars, left the government of his realm to Mordred his kinsman, brother to Prince Gwayr, by whom the town of Warwick, anciently called *Caer-leon*,

and then *Caer-umber*, had been recently re-built, and thence denominated *Caer-Gwayr*. After many signal victories gained over the Saxons, Scots, Norwegians, Romans, Saracens, and French, the conqueror returned to Britain, laden with costly spoils and honours, the emblems of his foreign triumphs, but found his kingdom and family in a state of anarchy and confusion, the traitorous Mordred having basely seduced his Queen, and, usurping the sovereignty, opposed the landing of the lawful Monarch. Arthur however effecting his debarkation, Mordred fled to London, and being denied entrance there by the citizens who closed the gates upon him, he escaped into Cornwall, or, according to some authors, to Camlar, whither the King speedily followed: a battle ensued, which in the end proved fatal to both, Mordred being slain by Arthur's own hand, and the Monarch himself desperately wounded by his rebellious kinsman. After this engagement the body

of Arthur was conveyed to Glastonbury, and interred there by the side of his wife Guinever; but an old tradition affirms, that after this battle Arthur was never seen alive or dead, which gave birth to the legendary tale of his being taken up to heaven, there to remain fixed as a star amongst the constellations, until a certain number of years shall have elapsed, when, according to Merlin, he is destined to resuscitate, and return to Caer-leon, there to restore the noble order of which he was founder, and revive the illustrious fraternity of his brave companions, Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, of which original number of twenty-four was *Arthgal* the *first* Earl of Warwick, who being a man of extraordinary prowess is thus appropriately described to Britomart by the Red Cross Knight:

> "Of all that ever play'd
> A tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
> The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name."

This celebrated hero assumed the image of the *Bear* for his ensign, which from that period has continued the badge, or armorial bearing, of the house of Warwick.

During the government of the Anglo-Saxons, *Earldoms* of counties were not merely dignities of honour, but offices of justice, each person having the charge and custody of the county of which he was Earl, and for their assistance in the discharge of this duty, they had also deputies, or *vicecomes* as they were denominated, appointed, which office still continues to be executed by the Sheriffs, annually chosen for the different counties of England and Wales. The *Earls*, in recompense for their travelling expenses, and other charges incidental to the affairs of this important office, had originally a salary, derived from the profits of the *Third penny of the County*,*

* Third part of fines arising from law-suits, the other two going to the King.

granted to them, and this custom continued for a long time after the Conquest, and was formerly inserted as a princely benevolence in their patents of creation. These salaries were at a later period changed into pensions, for the better support of their dignity, as appears by many of the ancient records. The word *Earl*, by the Saxons, was called *Erlig* or *Ethling*, by the Germans, *Grave*, as Landgrave, Margrave, &c. and by the Dutch, *Eorle;* but upon the conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy, in 1066, and the subsequent settlement of the Normans in this country, they were called *Comes*, or *Comites*, and for additional consequence in state affairs, were usually denominated *Comes Illustris;* and this second estate of the Legislature being for their reputed virtues and other heroic qualities also styled *Princes*, or at least companions for Princes, their dignity and deportment ought, in all respects, to be

equal to the pre-eminence of this distinction.

To *Arthgal* succeeded *Morvidus*, the second British Earl of Warwick, and he being, like his predecessor, a man of incredible strength, slew a mighty giant who had encountered him, with a young tree furiously torn up by the roots, with the branches stripped from it, for his staff; upon which Morvidus and his successors, Earls of Warwick, in commemoration of this event, bore a *ragged staff* of silver upon a sable shield, for their cognusance, which, added to the *Bear* of Earl Arthgal, forms the ancient crest borne by the Warwick family at the present day.

From *Merthudus*, the successor of *Morvidus*, in the early part of whose days the church of All Saints is supposed to have stood upon the ground on which the castle is built, or at least within its walls, I shall pass to the Earls of the *Saxon* race, the first of whom was

Rohand, a most daring warrior in the days of King Alfred and King Edward the Elder, which noble Thane possessing an only daughter, the "*fair Felicia*," who was heiress to all his honours and estates, he married her to *Guy*, son of Siward, Baron of Wallingford, who, in right of his wife, and by favour of King Athelstan, afterwards became *Earl of Warwick*. The memory of this unparalleled champion has ever been and still continues so famous for his valour, that he is considered to have been a man of most extraordinary stature, and if the appearance of his lance and other warlike accoutrements still preserved in Warwick Castle may be adduced in support of the opinion, the supposition certainly carries with it an air of probability.

The Welsh in admiration of his numerous achievements, still maintain that he was of *British* extraction; but at this distant period it is almost impossible to

ascertain his exact genealogy, nor is it perhaps necessary. I shall therefore content myself with narrating one of his marvellous exploits, which forms an interesting nursery legend, under the title of "Adventures of Guy Earl of Warwick," and which being still preserved upon authentic record may be implicitly believed. This extraordinary instance of valour took place in his memorable combat with Colbrand the Danish Champion, in the neighbourhood of Winchester, June 29, 926, which ended in the total extirpation of the Danes from the kingdom, and is described by Dugdale nearly as follows.

In the third year of the reign of King Athelstan, son of Edward the Elder, and grandson of King Alfred, the Danes having again invaded England, from which they had been previously driven with great slaughter, returned in such numbers, and so cruelly ravaged those parts of the kingdom through which they

passed, that there was scarcely a town or castle which they had not burnt or otherwise destroyed. The King kept his court at Winchester, where he then abode, consulting with his nobles in great dismay, on the best means to stop the progress of these freebooters, and prevent the total loss of his crown and kingdom. Apprized of the situation of the unfortunate Monarch, the Danish marauders bent their course towards Winchester, and arriving before the walls of the city, they dispatched a messenger to King Athelstan, demanding that he should forthwith deliver up his crown to the Danish generals *Aulafe* and *Govelaph*, or submit to the humiliating conditions of holding his realms under their government, doing homage and fealty to the Danish Monarch in the person of his Generals, and also paying tribute according to their appointment—or lastly, that this contest for the kingdom should be finally determined by force of arms

in a single combat between two champions, the one to be chosen for the Danes, and the other for the English, with this proposition, added also by Aulafe, "That if in that combat King Athelstan's champion gained the victory, the Danish Generals forthwith to depart the land with their whole army; but if otherwise, and the Danish champion Colbrand obtained it, that then, and without farther dispute, the English realm should thenceforth and for evermore belong entirely to the Danes."

Of these harsh proposals King Athelstan accepted the last, and though almost despairing of success, he called together all his nobles, and offered the whole province of Hampshire, in which they were then besieged, as a reward to him who should encounter and vanquish the hitherto invincible Colbrand. And to the end that Heaven should direct him in his endeavours to procure some one to under-

take this decisive combat, he enjoined a solemn fast to be holden for the space of three days, during which, with earnest prayers and abundant tears, the afflicted Monarch besought the favour of Almighty God. But in their choice of a champion, the distressed King and his Court continued much perplexed, inasmuch as Sir Herand of Ardenne, one of the most hardy and courageous Knights of the English nation, was then beyond the seas, searching after Reynburn, the only son and heir of his master the valorous Earl Guy, who had been wickedly stolen away in his infancy, during his father's absence, from his grandfather's castle at Warwick, by some merchants from a foreign country; and also that Earl Rohand, the most valiant of a thousand, was then lately deceased, and that Earl Guy, his son-in-law, had, shortly after his marriage with the "fair Felicia," and whilst her father was yet

living, departed upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from whence he was not yet returned.

But it so fell out that God, moved by the prayers and intercessions of the sorrowful English, sent a good angel to comfort the King, as he lay moaning upon his bed in the night of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, directing him that he should arise early on the morrow, and with two bishops in his company repair to the top of the north gate of the city, and abiding there till the hour of Prime, he should descry divers poor persons and pilgrims entering at the gate, among whom he should discover a tall personable man, clad in a pilgrim's habit, and barefooted, with his head uncovered, but crowned with a chaplet of white roses, and that immediately upon espying him, he should hasten down with the bishops and entreat him, for the love of Jesus Christ, the devotion of his pilgrimage, and the preservation of all Eng-

land, to undertake the appointed combat, for that he should certainly vanquish the mighty Colbrand, the giant, and deliver the Sovereign and his realms from the horrors of Danish slavery!

Upon this alleviating notification of the Almighty's interposition, King Athelstan quickly rose from his bed, and sending for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of Chichester, he imparted this comforting vision to them both, and hastening betimes in the morning, with fervent zeal, to the great cathedral, they there solemnly celebrated high mass, and then betook themselves to the gate particularly pointed out by the protecting hand of God. About this time it happened that the renowned Earl Guy, returning from his devout pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as before specified, landed at Portsmouth, and being there informed of Earl Rohand his noble father-in-law's decease, with Sir Herand of Ardenne's absence, and the melan-

choly occasion thereof, together with the great distress of King Athelstan and his Nobles, he put forward to Winchester with all possible speed. It was late in the night when he arrived in the neighbourhood of the court, and coming in the dark to an hospital at a little distance without the northern gate of the city,* he rested there all night, and in the morning went, with divers other poor persons, towards the city gates, at which place the King and his Bishops were already waiting for the appointed purpose. The King, anxiously watching for the appearance of the promised comforter, no sooner descried a pilgrim neatly clad in a white short-sleeved habit, girt tightly about his waist, and reaching to the mid-leg, with a chaplet of white roses upon his brow, and a large staff in

* The Hospital of St. Croix, at Winchester, was in 1132 erected upon this spot for the relief of travellers, and the benevolent intention of the institution is still religiously complied with; for at the present day, any person claiming relief there may immediately obtain it.

his hand, his beard grown to an amazing length, but his countenance looking wan, and his feet sorely macerated by reason of his journeying barefoot, than he instantly concluded him to be the pilgrim shown by the pitying angel in his vision, and being full of joy, he hastily communicated the glad tidings to those about him. The Palmer, for so he was properly called,* perceiving the King and his Bishops above, put his chaplet off his head, and, reverently saluting them, entered the gate; upon which the King and his attendants quickly hastened down, and laying hold of his coat, tendered him entertainment, and expressed an earnest desire to hear of

* "Lesquels ont appelloit croisez lorsqu'ils entreprenoient le voyage d'autant que par leurs Evesques ou Curés ils se faisoient coudre une *Croix d'Hierusal m* de drap-rouge sur leurs manteaux et prenoient le burdon:—Au retour ils etoient appellez *Palmiers* d'autant que retournans d'outre mer ils apportoient des *Palmes*, en signe d'avoir combattu les Infidelles comme ils l'avoient vové."—*Vide les Antiquités de la Ville de Paris.*

news from the Holy Land. The Palmer returning thanks for this high honour, speedily answered the King, that the hour for him to take up his lodging for repose was not yet come, for that he purposed first to visit the churches of the city, and there offer up his prayers with thanks to God for his safe return, but afterwards to seek some food, and then to depart quickly upon his journey, to perform such penance as had been strictly enjoined for his sins. Whereupon the King shortly replied,

"The reason we have here staid has been only to wait your coming, for it is the will of Almighty God that you must here encounter with that wicked Saracen, Colbrand the giant, for the safety of us and all the English nation, and our deliverance from the hateful yoke of Danish slavery; for Olaus, King of Denmark, and Golavus, King of Norway, have besieged us in this city almost twelve months, and we have now concluded a

truce, upon condition only, that we can find a man to undertake the combat with Colbrand their champion, and in case our champion shall overcome theirs, they are forthwith to depart the land without doing farther injury to us or to our realms, and never to disturb us any more; therefore we do entreat of you, for the love of Christ our Saviour, and for the pardon of all your sins, that you will immediately undertake this mighty combat against that cursed Pagan, for the cause of God's church, and the honour of the Christian religion."

To which the Palmer sorrowfully answered—"Oh! my Lord the King, you may easily see that I am not in a condition to take upon me this arduous fight; being feeble and weakened with daily travel. Alas! where are all your stout knights and hardy soldiers, who had wont to be in great esteem with you in times past?"

"Ah!" quoth the King, "some of

them are dead, and some of them are gone to the Holy Land, and not yet returned; I had one valiant Knight, Sir Guy, Earl of Warwick, and he too had a most courageous servant called Sir Herand of Ardenne: would to God I had him here! for then should this duel be speedily decided, and this disastrous war entirely put an end to."

And as he spake these words the tears fell in torrents from his eyes, whereat the Palmer being much moved became exceeding sorrowful, and beseeching the King to forbear farther grieving, he assured him, "for the love of Christ Jesus, and the Blessed Virgin his mother, as also for the honour of God's Holy Church, and the sinful souls of Earl Guy and Sir Herand his companion, he would in the fear of God undertake this mighty combat." Whereupon the King delighted thereat brought him forthwith into the city, and made towards the church with ringing of bells and much

joy, where Te Deum was immediately begun with cheerful voices; and the Palmer being speedily entertained with meat and drink for three days, they cheered him up with the best sort of refreshments, bathing and putting fresh apparel upon him, against the time appointed for the duel.

When the day fixed for the meeting arrived, the Palmer rose up early in the morning, and betaking himself to the great church solemnized three masses by way of preparation for the combat; the first for the Holy Ghost, the second for the Holy Trinity, and the third for the Holy Cross, all of which being ended, he forthwith armed himself with the King's best armour, and girding the sword of Constantine the Great about his middle, he took the mighty lance of St. Maurice in his hand, and mounting upon King Athelstan's own courser, he was esteemed by all who beheld him, as the most proper knight that England

had ever seen. From thence he rode through the midst of the city, attended by the prayers and blessings of the King, and all the multitude that followed him, until he came to the place appointed for the combat, which was in a valley called Chiltecumbe, without the gates of the city; where Colbrand the Dane, waiting the arrival of the English champion, pranced backwards and forwards so heavily accoutred, that his horse could scarcely carry him; ever and anon reining him up, and looking scornfully over the walls in derision of his antagonist. Presently after him came a cart laden with Danish axes, great clubs knotted with heavy knobs of iron, square bars of steel, and iron hooks of terrific magnitude, to draw his adversary towards him; and as soon as he descried the Palmer riding gallantly out of the city gates, he forthwith called out loudly, and bade him dismount from his charger, and cast himself down

at his feet, in token of his submission to him. Whereupon the Palmer, violently angered thereat, armed himself with the sign of the cross, and commending himself to God, clapped spurs to his horse, and rushing upon the giant he pierced the shield of the taunting tyrant with such force, that in the very first encounter his own lance was broken to shivers, and the giant so enraged, that bearing fiercely up towards the Palmer, he smote his horse so vengefully that he struck off his head at a single blow! The Palmer being thus dismounted nimbly arose, and, with great courage and amazing dexterity, directed his blows towards the giant's helmet, but by reason of his monstrous height he could reach no higher than his shoulder. Then Colbrand revengefully smote at the Palmer with a bar of steel; but the Palmer foreseeing his danger suddenly interposed his shield, and so successfully warded off the blow, that laying

vigorously upon the giant's target, his massy club, bossed with knotted iron, fell to the ground, and Colbrand stooping and stretching out his arm to recover it, the Palmer aiming at his hand with all his might, dexterously cut it off with his sword at one blow! Whereupon the Danes grew sorely dismayed, whilst on the other hand there was great shouting and rejoicing amongst the English, who, with the King and his nobles, stationed upon the walls, anxiously awaited the issue of the engagement. Notwithstanding the agony of his dismembered limb, Colbrand, by reason of his amazing strength, held on the fight till evening, when faint with toil and loss of blood, he became so much weakened, that suddenly sinking upon the ground, he swooned away; upon which the victorious Palmer, exerting all his remaining strength for one final blow, cut off his head!

The glorious victory being instantly

announced by the acclamations of the joyful English, thus delivered from all the horrors of bondage, the Danes fled away in great confusion; and the valiant Palmer, hastening to give thanks to Almighty God, repaired forthwith to the great cathedral, where he was most honourably received in grand procession by the Bishops and Clergy, with King Athelstan at their head; and there solemnly offered up the giant's weapons unto God and the patron of that church, upon the high altar of the cathedral, which an ancient author says were in his time still preserved in the vestry there, and distinguished by the name of Colbrand's axe. This ceremony done, he resumed his Palmer's habit, whereupon the King became very importunate with him to discover his name and quality; but this he utterly refused to do to any one but himself, and that only upon his Kingly oath never to reveal it to any other person.

To which condition King Athelstan agreeing, they walked out alone, and taking a by-path which led to a certain cross out of the city, the Palmer, humbly bowing himself before the King, confessed that he was that Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose absence from England he had so bitterly deplored. Upon which the King joyfully embraced him, clasped him in his arms, and, tenderly kissing him, offered him large sums of money, and new titles and honours, if he would abide with him in his court. But the valiant Earl with much gratitude refusing his request, utterly declined all reward, and besought the King never to disclose the secret he had confided to him, inasmuch as his resolution was made to continue ever more in the lowly state of a pilgrim; and then parting with many tears on both sides, the King sorrowfully returned to his palace at Winchester; and the Earl, in his palmer's habit, bent his course towards

Warwick Castle, where his Countess, the "Fair Felicia," abode in great sorrow, grievously bewailing the loss of her only son, not yet recovered from the barbarians who had stolen him in his infancy; and utterly ignorant of the fate of her wedded lord, whom she still believed travelling on his pilgrimage in the Holy Land.

Disguised in his pilgrim's habit, the Earl abode at Warwick entirely unknown to any one, and for three days successfully begged alms at the hands of his own lady, as one of the thirteen poor persons to whom she daily dealt relief, imploring them to pray for the safety of him and her, and the welfare of their sinful souls. After this, having first rendered her humble thanks for the charity thus vouchsafed him, he repaired unto a pious hermit who lived amongst the shady woods on the eastward side of the town, and, desiring a conference with him, humbly entreated

the comfort of his spiritual advice. With this holy man he remained until his death, which happening shortly after, the pious Earl succeeded him in the possession of his cell; and continued the same religious course of life until he attained the seventieth year of his age, when, perceiving that his end was nigh approaching, he sent a trusty messenger to his lady, with the half of their wedding ring, broken before his departure for the Holy Land; and discovering the place of his retreat, he prayed her to take care of his burial, and informing her that when she came she should find his soul already departed, and his body lying dead before the altar in the chapel of his cell; and moreover, that within fifteen days after his decease she should depart this transitory life. Upon which the sorrowful Countess bewailing her heavy loss, and ignorance of his nigh abode, repaired accordingly to his cell, taking with her

the Bishop of the diocese, and divers others of the Clergy; and finding his body lying as he had foretold, she honourably interred it in the chapel of that hermitage according to his own desire;* and was herself buried by his side, leaving the inheritance of her paternal honours, and the fair estate of Warwick Castle, to their only son *Reynburn*, who was at length restored to his own inheritance.

Reynburn, son of Earl Guy, and, in right of his mother, Earl of Warwick, having been as before stated stolen away in his infancy and carried into Russia, gave even in those early years ample testimony of illustrious lineage, in numerous warlike feats which he performed in foreign parts.

* The death of Earl Guy and his Countess happened in 939. The hermitage, afterwards erected into a chantry, and since denominated "Guy's Cliff," is now the seat of Bertie Greathead, Esq., and is situated in a fine grove of trees, a mile from Warwick, on the road leading to Coventry.

Upon his return to his native country and restoration to his family honours, King Athelstan, out of the great love which he bore to his noble father, presented him with the hand of his only daughter, the beautiful Princess Leonetta, in marriage; but the Earl some years afterwards journeying into other realms died beyond the seas, and was buried in an island near Venice, where a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory; leaving for his successor, *Wegeat*, or *Weythemund*, a youth of great skill and courage in martial exploits, and other matters of a similar nature.

To Weythemund succeeded *Wolgeat*, next *Wigod*, and then *Earl Alwyne*, contemporary with King Edward the Confessor, Harold the Second, and William the Conqueror. Alwyne left issue a son, *Turchill*, Earl of Warwick, and some time proprietor of Warwick Castle; but being afterwards dispossessed of it,

in the partition of the kingdom amongst the Normans, he retired in disgust to the Forest of Ardenne; and assuming the name of Ardenne, from the woodland parts he inhabited, the Earldom of Warwick passing through other hands was, towards the latter end of the reign of William the Conqueror, bestowed upon *Henry de Novo-burgo*, or *Newburgh*, one of the Norman Barons, so called from the Castle of Newburgh, in Normandy, the place of his birth; who, being the *first* Earl of the Norman line, was the twelfth Earl of that ancient title; and to whom, upon his advancement to that dignity, the possession of the Borough of Warwick was also granted, and endowed with a number of privileges, amongst which was that of trial by the fire and water ordeals. This Earl was contemporary with William Rufus and Henry the First; and the latter of these monarchs having made the first park known in England

at Woodstock in 1123, the Earl of Warwick, in princely imitation of his royal master, began the enclosure of Wedgnock Park, and also founded the *Priory*, a religious house of the Order of Canons Regular. He married Margaret, sister of Rotrode, Earl of Perch, by whom he had issue, *Roger*, afterwards Earl of Warwick; and, who, after his father's death, was in arms with others of the principal nobility of the kingdom during the commotions in 1139; occasioned by the return of the Empress Maude, daughter of Henry the First, and wife of the Emperor of Germany, to support her claim to the English Crown, then usurped by her cousin Stephen. Earl Roger departed this life June 22, 1153, the same year in which Henry Plantagenet, son of the Empress Maude by her second husband Geoffry Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, landed in England to assert his right to his hereditary kingdom, unjustly detained from

him by the usurper Stephen. This young Prince, then only sixteen years of age, gave the fairest promise of one day doing honour to the crown he came to claim; and landing in England with a numerous body of forces, great numbers of the Barons immediately joined his standard; and Gundred, Countess of Warwick, and widow of Earl Roger, heroically assuming the command of the castle, then strongly garrisoned by the troops of King Stephen, drove the soldiers from the fortress, and delivered it up to Prince Henry, in manifestation of her good wishes to his cause.

Earl Roger was succeeded by his infant son *William*, who dying whilst a youth, *Waleran* his younger brother became Earl of Warwick; and married first Margaret, daughter of Humphry Bohum, Earl of Hereford, and secondly Alice de Harcourt, widow of John de Limesi. Earl Waleran left issue several children, of whom *Henry* the eldest

succeeded him in the possession of his honours; and his widow the Countess Alice, in the same year in which he died, paid a fine of 1000l. to the King, with an additional douceur of ten fair palfreys for his own use, for leave to continue a widow as long as she liked, and in order that the King should not compel her to marry according to his choice. But this condition was nevertheless strongly enforced, "That she should not marry without the King's consent, or choose a husband for herself without his special permission being first asked and obtained." So careful were our earlier monarchs of the noble blood of the patrician orders, and so tenacious of the honour of the state.

To Henry succeeded *Thomas*, married to Ela, daughter of William Longspear, Earl of Salisbury; but this Earl dying without issue, his Countess, a lady of a pious and contemplative disposition, gave largely to the University of Oxford; and

amongst other charitable donations ordained by her will, she caused a chest to be made, and the sum of 120 marks to be deposited therein, for the use of poor scholars, who for the furtherance of their education at the said University, might at any time, upon approved security, borrow a certain sum from this chest without interest; in consideration of which bequest, it was farther ordained that the said University should annually celebrate a certain number of masses in St. Mary's Church at Oxford, for the repose of the noble souls of herself and her progenitors. This chest in the reign of Edward the Fourth was known in the University of Oxford under the denomination of the "*Warwick Chest*."

Margery, sister and heiress of the last two Earls, succeeded to the possession of their estates and honours. This illustrious lady married first John Mareschall, brother of William Earl of Pembroke; but he dying soon after their marriage,

King Henry the Third issued an order under his sign manual, directed to the Archbishop of York, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and William de Cantilupe, requiring them to demand from the said Margery Countess of Warwick good security that she should not intermarry with any man, without the King's especial license and authority for that purpose first obtained, and empowering them to propose by the King's own order for a marriage to take place between the said Countess Margery and one John de Plessets, one of the King's attendants, and then high in his royal favour: and so greatly did the Monarch desire the completion of this match, that being at Bourdeaux the Christmas following, while it was yet undecided, he issued a charter to the said John de Plessets, whereby he granted the said Countess of Warwick to him in marriage, provided he could obtain her good will for that purpose; and if not, that then he should

have the fine due from her to the King upon her refusal, as was the custom in those days, when the heirs of noble families matched themselves without the King's consent, to the great dishonour of themselves, and the disparagement of his kingly power; and also that the said Countess Margery, sister and heiress to the last two Earls of Warwick, being one of the most noble ladies of the realm, and possessed of a castle of extraordinary strength, situated towards the marshes, it would be most perilous to the interests of the Sovereign and his kingdoms, should the said Countess intermarry with any person in whose fidelity the King had not the most perfect confidence and security; and on this account, farther directing the said Archbishop of York, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and the said William de Cantilupe, to demand the castle at Warwick as a pledge from the said Countess that she would not marry any man without the

King's royal permission; so that in case she should be daring enough to act in defiance of his will and pleasure, the said castle, and the estates thereto belonging, should be forfeited to King Henry and his heirs for ever.

Upon this singular requisition the noble heiress gave the security demanded; and afterwards, as it seemed, conformed herself to the wishes of the Sovereign; for it appears upon record, that in the twenty-seventh year of King Henry's reign she gave her hand to this formidable John de Plessets, in whose behalf the King was so deeply interested, and who was so well pleased with the completion of the match, that he rewarded the bride with a present of three fat bucks out of his park at Wavering, and presented John de Plessets, upon his attending him into France, with one of his finest horses, as an especial mark of royal favour. From the extraordinary pains taken for the wooing and

winning of the Countess Margery, and her delay in consenting to the marriage, much suspicion arose, that being the heiress of such vast possessions she might have been prevailed on to contract herself privately to some other person; and the King, fearful of this being the case, determined to make sure of the estate; and to this end he demanded a bond from her, with a deed also accompanying it, whereby she bound herself that if it could be justly proved that she had so contracted herself in marriage to any other man, contrary to the King's pleasure, that all her possessions of every denomination should be forfeited, as a penalty for her disobedience to his commands. A son, the only issue of this marriage, dying whilst an infant, the Countess Margery was succeeded by *William Mauduit*, son of her aunt Alice, and grandson of Earl Waleran.

Some time after his succession to these maternal honours, an insurrection broke

out in Wales, against which a numerous body of troops were dispatched; but the Barons, dissatisfied with the form of government at home, treasonably collected all their forces together, and in 1254 forced the King to abandon his expedition against Wales, and march towards Northampton, from whence he dispatched the Earl of Warwick home to his castle, to guard the interior of the kingdom, Warwick being a post of vast importance from its central situation, and in the neighbourhood of which the disaffected Barons were powerfully assembled, and already in possession of Kenilworth Castle. In the general panic into which this double rebellion had thrown the kingdom, the diligence of the garrison placed at Warwick, instead of being increased, was unfortunately relaxed; and a body of the rebel troops marching from Kenilworth under the command of Sir John Giffard, Governor of that fortress, they surprised the castle in the dead of night,

and entering it by treachery, slew numbers of the soldiers, and carried the Earl and his Countess away prisoners to Kenilworth. They shortly after returned, and again attacking the castle, threw down most of the walls except the tower, which fortunately escaped their desolating fury. The unfortunate Earl and his consort were released upon paying a ransom of 1900 marks; but the Earl, worn out with sorrow, died of a broken heart; and his body being buried at Westminster, his heart was, according to his own desire, deposited in the monastery of nuns at Catesby, in Northamptonshire. Leaving no issue, he was succeeded by *William Beauchamp*, son of Isabel, his sister; and he also shortly deceasing, the estate and honours devolved upon *Guy*, his son and heir, so named in honourable remembrance of Earl Guy of the Saxon race. This noble Peer, upon Easter Day, 1296, was knighted by King Edward the First, to

whom he was a true and valiant servant; and that monarch some years after lying on his death-bed at Burgh on the Sands, in Cumberland, and being grievously troubled in mind respecting his approaching dissolution, called divers of his nobility about him, and amongst the rest Earl Guy, and besought them to be careful of the welfare of his kingdom, and to be good unto his son, afterwards Edward the Second, when he should succeed him in his crown, and upon no account whatever to suffer his favourite Pierce Gaveston, a young Gascon knight, whom the King had lately banished, ever to return into England again.

Upon the young Prince himself, the dying monarch bestowed numerous admonitions respecting his conduct when he came to the crown, and strictly commanding him to send his heart into the Holy Land, along with the seven score knights and 32,000 soldiers whom he

had previously appointed to that service, he ordered that he should carry his bones with him into Scotland, and never to give them burial until he had entirely brought that country into subjection. Notwithstanding the positive injunctions of the dying King, Edward the Second no sooner ascended the throne than, utterly disregarding his father's advice, he gave orders for the immediate interment of the royal corpse at Westminster;* and severely punishing Walter de Langton, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, who by reproving him for his vicious conduct, and complaining of Gaveston to the King in his life-time, as the abettor and encourager of his son's vices, had occasioned the banishment of his favourite, he seized upon his goods, and sent him prisoner to Wallingford. His

* Edward the First died July 7, 1307. He was buried at Westminster; and his tomb being examined by some antiquarians, May 2, 1774, his corpse was found unconsumed, though buried 466 years.

next step was to recall Gaveston, whom he forthwith created Earl of Cornwall, and endowed him with the Isle of Man. All this passed before his father's funeral; but that ceremony at length performed, the King went over to Boulogne, and married Isabella, daughter of Philip of France. Shortly after his return, abandoning himself to all sorts of dissipation in the society of his favourite, the Queen complained to her father of the differences occasioned between them by Edward's blind attachment to him; and the Barons became so enraged by the conduct of the King in permitting Cornwall to trample upon their rights, and insult the native nobility by his arrogant assumption of superiority, that they unanimously demanded his banishment of the King, and threatened, if it was denied, to prevent his coronation. The King readily promised that all they desired should be granted in the next Parliament; but after agreeing to the de-

parture of his favourite, he still suffered him to remain, and even appointed him to carry the crown of St. Edward before him at his coronation: shortly afterwards he married him to his niece, daughter of his sister Joanna, married to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester. Presuming on this royal alliance, and completely intoxicated by his ascendancy over the King, Gaveston indulged himself anew in airs of arrogance towards the Barons, and introducing every species of luxury at the Court of the effeminate Edward which he could devise, entirely alienated his affections from his Queen. The person of Gaveston was strikingly fine, his manners were elegant; and perfectly master of those superficial arts which sometimes enchain the affections without commanding esteem, the King could not resolve to tear himself from the society of his fascinating minion, until the native nobility, indignant at seeing the counsels of his predecessor wholly neglected, and

their ancient privileges trampled down by a stranger, formed themselves into a combination, headed by the Earl of Lancaster and the Queen Mother, to reduce the power of this foreign upstart. At the reiterated demand of his nobles, Edward at length banished him to Ireland, where he lived for a time rather with the state of a prince than the humility of an exile; but unable to exist without him, the weak Monarch speedily recalled him, and the Barons again flying to arms, the whole kingdom was suddenly convulsed by a general rebellion. In this state of affairs the King gave himself little trouble to quell the disturbances around him, and alarmed only for Gaveston, thought little of his kingdom's safety, but anxious to secure that of his favourite, he embarked with him at Tynemouth, and sailing to Scarborough, placed him as he believed in security, and then hastened to York to present himself to the Barons,

and avert their vengeance from Gaveston by his own promises of amendment.

Provoked by his repeated breach of faith, and the pusillanimity of his conduct, the haughty peers rejected his offers with disdain, and still resolute in the prosecution of their design, the Earls of Warwick and Pembroke, accompanied by some others, marched speedily from York, and vigorously besieged Scarborough, where Gaveston, certain that the condition of the garrison would not permit him to retain it long, rather chose to capitulate than irritate his enemies still more by fruitless resistance.

He stipulated that he should be permitted to remain as a prisoner in the hands of the Earl of Pembroke, which condition was agreed to, on his submitting without farther opposition; while the King learning his fate, and extremely anxious that his life should be spared, endeavoured to effect some sort of ac-

commodation with his captors, and promised that if he might once more be permitted to behold him safe, he would for the future resign himself solely to the direction of the native Barons.

These repeated assurances of amendment from Edward, added to the youth and captivating manners of his accomplished prisoner, so interested the humane feelings of the Earl of Pembroke, that he undertook, upon forfeiture of all that he possessed, to conduct Gaveston in safety to the desired conference, and afterwards to restore him to the Barons for the punishment of his offences. The interview was reluctantly acceded to upon these conditions, and the time and place for the redelivery of their prisoner being agreed upon, the Earl of Pembroke departed from Scarborough to convey Gaveston to Wallingford, at which place the King had appointed to take his farewell of him. The Barons in the interim, repenting their indulgence, and fearful

lest Gaveston should elude the Earl's vigilance, and escape into Normandy, resolved to pursue them, and secretly following the Earl of Pembroke and his charge, they overtook them at Doddington, a border town in Oxfordshire, at which place there not being accommodation for the whole party, the Earl left Gaveston under a strong guard of his followers, whilst he went forward with his Countess to the next town to seek lodgings for the night. The Earl of Warwick, with a troop of armed men, arriving about midnight, soon wrested the prisoner from his guards, and speedily conveyed him under a strong escort to Warwick Castle, where the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Arundel, with others of his most inveterate enemies, were assembled; and in a general council of debate held immediately upon his arrival, a summary mode of punishment was resolved upon, and a Welsh executioner, celebrated for his dexterity,

sent for without delay. As soon as he arrived, the unhappy Gaveston was carried to Blacklow Hill, since called Gaveston's Hill, in the neighbourhood of Warwick, where, amongst the dark woods with which it is still covered, the youthful Cornwall suffered the vengeance of his enemies, and without prayer or preparation was inhumanly beheaded, in the presence of all the great men acting a part in this dreadful tragedy.

After his execution the Friars Preachers took care of his body, and conveyed it to Oxford, from whence two years afterwards the King removed it to Langley in Hertfordshire, causing it to be honourably interred there in the church of the Friars Preachers, which he there founded to pray for the souls of the murdered Gaveston and his progenitors.

The spot where Gaveston suffered this deserved but awful punishment is about a mile and an half from Warwick, upon

the top of a hill on the left of the road beyond the turnpike leading from Warwick to Coventry, and crowned with a grove of dark firs, the appropriate emblems of his melancholy fate; and it is said, though with little appearance of probability, that till within the last few years the identical block upon which he suffered was still remaining.

It appears that Gaveston had formerly much angered the Earl of Warwick; for being himself of delicate habits, and a fair complexion, he had frequently ridiculed the robust frame and swarthy skin of Earl Guy, sarcastically denominating him "*The black dog of Ardenne,*" with other taunting epithets, not easily to be forgiven by one of his lofty bearing: and what powerful sway our ancient Barons bore in the administration of the government may in this instance be discerned; for having insinuated to the people that all which they had done was for the honour of God, and the benefit of the

state, the King, however deeply he laid to heart the death of his beloved Gaveston, dared not attempt to punish a single actor in his murder, and was even so glad to make his peace with them upon any terms, that within two years after he granted a pardon by particular name to every one of them, although to the Earl of Warwick as the principal, however he affected it, he was never thoroughly reconciled; nor did the Earl himself long enjoy the felicities of this world, for he died shortly after, by poison as was supposed, at his seat at Warwick Castle, in the forty-fourth year of his age, leaving for his successor his eldest son, *Thomas Beauchamp*, to whose heroic valour, as also to that of his brother John, fame has since borne ample testimony.

From the time that Earl Thomas arrived at years of maturity he was never out of some high employment or other, of which the following is but a limited account :—In the fifth year of the reign

of King Edward the Third he was appointed Governor of the islands of Guernsey, Sark, and Alderney. In the seventh he attended the young Monarch, then only twenty-one years of age, into Scotland, at which time Robert de Baliol King of Scotland did homage to him for the kingdom of Scotland and the isles adjacent; and in the ninth he had the custody of the Scottish Marches given to him in charge. At this period the noble Earl was a bachelor, but the King being desirous that he should marry, and being also indebted to Roger Lord Mortimer in an immense sum of money for his services as Lieutenant of Ireland, he granted him the benefit of the Earl of Warwick's marriage, upon which he soon afterwards married Katharine, daugliter of the said Lord Mortimer. In the thirteenth year of King Edward's reign he attended him into France, and commanded the left wing of the army there drawn up to give battle to the French,

in support of Edward's pretensions to the crowns of France, in right of his mother Isabel, daughter of Philip the Fair, and sister to the three last Kings of France, viz. Lewis Hutin, Philip the Tall, and Charles the Fair, who having separately and in full Parliament accused their wives of adultery, died issue-less, upon which Edward advanced his claim to the crown, as the proper successor of his mother Isabel, the legitimate heiress to the throne of France; but the French asserting that by the Salique Law no woman could inherit it, advanced Philip de Valois, although a degree farther off, to the possession of the regal dignity; whereupon Edward invaded France by way of Antwerp, and at the importunity of the Flemings, who considered him as their lawful Sovereign, upon Feb. 21, 1340, assumed the title and arms of King of England and France, quartering the lions of England with the lilies of France, adding also the motto "*Dieu et Mon*

Droit." In the fourteenth the Earl of Warwick was Admiral of the Fleet which conveyed the King into Flanders, and in this passage they obtained a most signal victory at sea over the French fleet which lay near Helvoetsluys to obstruct their landing. In this memorable naval victory, undoubtedly the greatest that England ever gained, and in which King Edward was personally present during the battle, invigorating by his applause the exertions of the English, there were 30,000 of the enemy slain, after nine hours' bloody fighting, and 400 of their finest vessels taken and burnt, or otherwise destroyed!

It is related upon historical authority, that in this engagement the French, rather than endure the swords and arrows of the victorious English, leaped in desperation by hundreds into the sea, and numbers perishing in this manner, their loss was so immense that, fearful of the effect which this afflicting intelligence

might have upon the French King, none dared disclose it to him, till his knowledge of it becoming indispensable, his jester at length undertook the painful task, and broke the news to him by continually exclaiming in his hearing—"Cowardly Englishmen! Dastardly Englishmen! Faint-hearted Englishmen!"

The King's curiosity being excited by the incessant repetition of these expressions, he inquired the meaning, and was answered by the jester—"Because they durst not leap out of their ships by hundreds into the sea, as our brave Frenchmen did!" From this hint the unfortunate Monarch learnt his loss, but abstaining from all expression of his grief, he bewailed it in secret, while the victorious Edward, landing with all the glory obtained by this victory, marched at the head of an hundred thousand troops towards Tournay. In the same year the Earl of Warwick was appointed one of

the King's delegates at the treaty of Arlas, at which meeting a two years' truce was concluded upon.

In the fifteenth he was present at the celebrated tournament held at London by King Edward in honour of the beautiful Joanna, Countess of Salisbury, upon which occasion the vulgar tradition is that the Order of the Garter was first instituted, from the circumstance of this lady's garter falling off as she danced at a Court ball with the King, which Edward taking up gallantly bound round his own knee. Queen Philippa being somewhat jealous, was deeply offended thereat, upon which, according to some authors, the King delivered it to the fair owner again, with the observation now forming the motto of the Order, viz. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" However plausible this tale may appear, there is in reality but little reason to attribute the institution to such a feminine origin, as I shall explain in its proper place upon

the authority of the learned Selden, Dr. Heylin, and others, who have taken much pains to ascertain the fact. In the sixteenth he was selected to superintend a voyage-royal which King Edward designed to France, and was also chosen one of the commissioners to treat with his allies in Brabant and Flanders, and also to negotiate with Philip de Valois respecting his title to the crown of France.

In the same year he attended the expedition into Brittany, and being at the siege of Nantes, he skirmished so stoutly there, upon a *sortie* made by a detachment of the French army, that the enemy, though greatly superior in numbers, was repulsed, and driven back into the citadel with considerable loss.

In the seventeenth he marched with Henry Earl of Lancaster to take the command of the King's forces in Scotland; but both being speedily recalled, they were sent to treat with the Pope in person, and empowered to conclude the

treaty agreed upon between the English monarch and Philip de Valois.

In the eighteenth he went to Avignon to confer with the Pope touching King Edward's claim to the French crown, and in the same year was constituted Earl Marshal of England.

In July, 1346, he attended the King upon his expedition into France, and landing with him at Caen in Normandy he manifested his valour to the utmost admiration by making the first onset in person, attended only by one esquire and six archers, and the whole but indifferently mounted. With this handful of men he encountered upwards of a hundred Normans, more than sixty of whom were left dead upon the spot, and the English being only eight in number, with their valiant leader at their head, having won the bridge, made way for the army to land, and marched into the town pell-mell amongst the enemy, crowned with victory, and covered with blood and

dust! After carrying the triumphs of the English arms almost to the very gates of Paris, he assisted Prince Edward as one of the principal commanders to lead the vanguard of King Edward's army into the famous battle of Cressy, where the English name was immortalized by the glories of this memorable day. Previous to the battle part of the English and French armies had been for some time in sight of each other, and an engagement was hourly expected, although the forces of the English were but little proportioned to those of the French King, whose army amounted to upwards of 120,000 fighting men; the vanguard being led by the King of Bohemia and the Count d'Alençon, King Philip himself commanded the main body in person, and the Duke of Savoy with a number of foreign princes having charge of the rear. Opposed to this immense body the English numbered but 30,000. Notwithstanding their disparity, King Ed-

ward, unwilling to check the ardour of his troops, resolved to indulge them in their eagerness for the fight, and accordingly prepared for the engagement, which commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, on Saturday (a day always considered as peculiarly fortunate by Edward), Aug. 26, 1346. The King of France, impelled by his resentment of Edward's pretensions to his crown, and trusting to the evident superiority of his numbers, as anxiously urged on his forces to the contest: but the Genoese bowmen, who to the number of 15,000 were to commence the attack, being wearied by a long march, prayed for rest before the battle.

The Count d'Alençon who led the vanguard, being informed of their petition, rode furiously amongst the archers, and, bitterly reviling them for cowardice, commanded them to begin the attack without delay. Their unwillingness was farther increased by a

hasty shower of rain, which, falling heavily upon their bow-strings, rendered them nearly useless; while the English archers, having prudently kept theirs guarded from the wet, were favoured with a sudden gleam of sun-shine, and discharged such a tremendous shower of arrows upon the face of the enemy, that, dazzled by the strong light, and confounded by the suddenness of the attack, the Genoese ranks were thrown into confusion; and the young Prince of Wales, who, though but in his sixteenth year, commanded the advanced guard of the English, observing this circumstance, had presence of mind to take advantage of their disorder, and led his brave troops on with spirit to the charge. The English, with their youthful leader, were speedily surrounded by the French under the command of the Count d'Alençon; and the Earls of Warwick, Arundel, and Northampton, perceiving his perilous situation, hast-

ened to assist the Prince, who, though hemmed in on all sides, was foremost in every danger, and wherever he appeared seemed to turn the fortune of the fight!

These experienced veterans beheld with astonishment the daring valour of the heroic boy; but alarmed for his safety, and fearful of his being overpowered by numbers, the French being in all quarters at least four to one, they sent to King Edward, who was posted at a distance, for a speedy reinforcement of troops from his body of reserve. The delighted Monarch, justly worthy of such a son, viewing the battle from a windmill placed on the summit of a neighbouring hill, and charmed with the intrepidity of the youthful hero, refused to send him aid; and commanding his forces to keep aloof, "Go," said he to the messenger; "let my son gloriously conquer, or gloriously die! If God Almighty per-

mit him to survive it, the honour of this day shall be entirely his own!" This magnanimous answer being reported to the Prince of Wales seemed to lend him new courage, and returning undauntedly to the charge, the Count d'Alençon was speedily slain; and many others of their principal commanders being destroyed or taken prisoners, the French cavalry was completely routed, and the fortune of the day being decidedly for the English, the carnage was dreadful, and continued without intermission till night stopped its progress, and the shades of darkness at last concluded their sanguinary labours.

In this memorable engagement the loss of the English was but trifling, being only one Esquire, three Knights, and a few others of inferior rank, while that of the French was incredible, as appeared from the bodies of eleven great Princes being found dead upon the field of battle, viz.—the King of Bohemia,

slain by Prince Edward's own hand, who, taking the white plume from the monarch's jewelled helmet, placed it upon his own in signal of victory; (and in commemoration of this circumstance, the Bohemian plume and motto of "*Ich dien*" has since been borne as the peculiar designation of the Prince of Wales,) King of Majorca, Dauphin de Viennois, Count d'Alençon, Duke of Lorraine, Duke de Bourbon, Duke of Flanders, Earls of Saucerre and d'Harcourt, Earls d'Aumerle and Nevers, six German Princes, the Grand Prior of France, the Archbishop of Rouen, and of Barons, Knights and Esquires, upwards of 1500, to which may be added nearly 30,000 of inferior degree!

The next year after this victory, King Edward, being resolved to secure an easy entrance into France, laid siege to Calais, then under the command of John de Vienne, and in this expedition the Earl of Warwick bore the com-

mand. The siege though lingering was finally crowned with success, although the Governor, a most experienced commander, excluded all the unnecessary inhabitants and useless mouths from the city, to the number of 1500, whom Edward not only permitted to pass through his army, then lying before the gates, but generously relieved the famished wanderers with food and other necessaries, and presented them with two-pence each to carry them on their way. The garrison, being at last subdued by famine, surrendered to the English August 4, 1347, after an obstinate siege of nearly twelve months; during which the inhabitants were reduced to the last extremity of hunger and distress. Edward, resentful of the obstinate resistance of the brave Calaisians, resolved to punish them by the execution of the principal inhabitants; and his determination being

made known, six of their noblest Burgesses presented themselves to the King, bare-footed, bare-headed, and stripped to their shirts, with halters about their necks, and with the keys of the town and castle in their hand, in token of submission to his will; hoping to satiate his vengeance by their deaths, and obtain his royal clemency for the rest of their miserable townsmen. Their lives were however spared at the earnest intercession of Queen Philippa, who, being far advanced in her pregnancy, fell at the feet of the angry monarch, after all the entreaties of his council had failed, and implored mercy for these wretched victims to the love of their bleeding country! Having with abundance of tears and much difficulty obtained their pardon, she clothed and fed them, and presenting them with six nobles each, ordered them to be conveyed in safety through the army, and set at liberty to

go whithersoever they would. An act justly worthy the consort of such a conqueror!

King Edward having instituted the Order of the Garter, his first chapter was holden at Windsor, St. George's day, April 23, 1344, upon which occasion the gallant Earl of Warwick was elected a Knight Companion, and was invested with the habit immediately after Edward the Black Prince, and his cousin Henry, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry the Fourth, being the *third* knight, and the *first* subject below the blood royal, ever honoured with the insignia of this noble order. The real origin of this illustrious institution is believed to have been as follows:—the story of its being founded in commemoration of the Countess of Salisbury losing her garter at a ball, though much credited, being, according to most writers, except Polydore Virgil by whom the error was first pro-

mulgated 200 years after its foundation, considered as fabulous.

About the time that Edward meditated the invasion of France, in support of his maternal pretensions to that crown, he became desirous of making the English Court the rendezvous of all such knights and chiefs as might be found serviceable to him in his intended contest; in pursuance of which, some time before his destined expedition, he erected a Round Table at Windsor Castle, in imitation of that of King Arthur's at Winchester, and caused his royal invitation to it to be spread liberally abroad. A vast concourse of Knights and foreign Princes in consequence resorted to England, and were sumptuously entertained at Windsor with tilts and tournaments, and all the usual sports of chivalry of the times.

At this period Philip de Valois, being in actual possession of the Crown of France, determined to counteract the

intentions of his rival; and to this end instituted a similar association in his own court, which, drawing away numbers of King Edward's visitors from Windsor, frustrated for the present the designs of the English Monarch. Notwithstanding this interruption to his schemes, Edward did not abandon his original intention; and Queen Philippa being ultimately victorious in the expedition undertaken by her against Scotland, whilst he was himself engaged in extending his conquests over France, he resolved upon a distinction more particular and select; and shortly after instituted the Order of the Garter, in honourable commemoration, as it is believed by Selden, Du Chesne, and others, of the famous battle of Cressy; at which, for want of his usual signet, he had taken his embroidered garter from his knee, and sent as a signal to one of his commanders during the engagement

which terminated so gloriously for the English name.

With the insignia of this noble Order, consisting of a garter enamelled with gold and jewellery, to be worn below the left knee, and a collar with a jewel, or badge, bearing the image of St. George, the tutelary saint of England, encountering the dragon, worn round the neck pendent from a blue ribbon embroidered with the motto of the Order, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," upon all festivals and state occasions, King Edward personally rewarded the most eminent of such knights as had persevered in alliance with him, and borne the brunt of the battle in his numerous engagements.

This Order is justly esteemed the most honourable one ever instituted: the original number of twenty-six knights having been strictly adhered to except in a recent instance, the reigning So-

vereign of England being invariably the chief, and more foreign princes and illustrious potentates having been admitted companions of it, than of any other fraternity; as the following list, brought down to the year 1790, and since considerably increased by the splendid installation of 1804,* will manifest beyond all doubt:

Eight Emperors of Germany,
Five Kings of France,
Three Kings of Spain,
One King of Arragon,
Seven Kings of Portugal,
One King of Poland,
Two Kings of Sweden,
Six Kings of Denmark,
Two Kings of Naples,
One King of Sicily and Jerusalem,
One King of Bohemia,
Two Kings of Scotland,

* As also that of the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, &c. in 1814.

Five Princes of Orange,

Nineteen Kings of England (including his present Majesty,) Chiefs of the Order, and a long list of British nobility too voluminous for insertion.

Philip, King of France, dying in the 29th year of King Edward's reign, John his son, who succeeded him, gave the Dukedom of Aquitaine, which belonged to the crown of England, to the Dauphin of Viennois; of which Edward receiving speedy intelligence was most angrily moved thereat; and sending hastily for the Prince of Wales, (or, as he was then styled, the Black Prince, from the circumstance of his wearing black armour, and the devices of the conquered King of Bohemia,) he formally assigned to him, in the presence of his nobility, the Dukedom of Aquitaine for his future possession, and sent him away into France to recover it from the Dauphin, attended by the

Earl of Warwick and divers others of his nobility.

In somewhat less than a year after this sojourn in the French dominions, the memorable battle of Poictiers took place, in which the King of France himself, with his son, and the King of Navarre, were taken prisoners. On this glorious day, the intrepid valour of the Earl of Warwick obtained for him lasting renown; for in this battle it is recorded he fought so long and stoutly, that his hands were completely stripped of their skin, by the incessant use of his sword and massy pole-axe, the direful weapons of his slaughter! In this engagement the Earl took prisoner with his own hand William de Melun, Archbishop of Sens, for whose ransom he received 8000l., in those days an immense sum. In the thirty-first of King Edward, the Earl was again engaged in the French wars; and in the thirty-third, he, in conjunction with Robert Earl of

Suffolk, was appointed Marshal of the Host.

In the thirty-sixth he attended the Black Prince into his Dukedom of Aquitaine, as Lord High Admiral of the fleet which carried him over; and in the thirty-eighth, with many others of the English nobility, he accompanied Peter de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, to the wars in the Holy Land; and on the feast of All Saints, November 1, 1365, was present in the great battle fought on the plains of Ascalon, in Turkey; where the Christians, or, as they were then denominated, soldiers of the cross, obtained a most bloody victory over the Saracen Infidels. Shortly afterwards the Earl returned to his native land, bringing in his train a young Prince, son of the King of Lithunia, whom he caused to be christened with great magnificence in London; himself standing god-father, and, by his father's desire, causing him to be named after himself, Thomas

Beauchamp, a name unparalleled in the annals of English history!

He soon after went upon the King's service into France, and again to Calais with the Earl of Salisbury, upon other great occasions; and in the forty-third year of King Edward's reign, a parliament being holden at London, in which the breach of peace by the French was most ably discussed, the King sent an army into France under the command of his fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, assisted by Humphry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and other lords of renown, which being got over sea, encamped near Calais, then in possession of the English, and towards which the French forces speedily advanced. The English meanwhile, from some unaccountable cause or other, delayed fighting so long, that the army grew grievously in want of provisions, and their young and inexperienced commander, fearing that his forces were not

strong enough to give them battle, delayed it till numbers of his men died of famine and fatigue, upon which the Earl of Warwick, being moved with anger at this intelligence, hastened to the sea-side, with such of his soldiers as he could collect, and sailed away for Calais without loss of time. The French, hearing of his arrival, were panic-struck at the sound of his name, and instantly quitting their tents they fled in great dismay, leaving their provisions and military stores behind them! As soon as the Earl landed, he called a council of war, and indignantly reviling those who had prevented the troops from fighting, he exclaimed, "For my part, I will go on, and fight like a man, before the English bread which I have eaten worthily be digested;" and so saying he called his forces about him, and marching forward to the Isle of Cans, he attacked and completely ravaged it. But his heroic career had nearly reached its close; for,

returning to Calais, he fell sick of the pestilence which had already wasted the flower of the English army, and he whom the sword could not conquer fell subdued by disease, and died after a long and glorious life, November 13, 1369. His body was brought to England, and interred in the Collegiate church of St. Mary at Warwick, in the chancel of which his tomb, bearing the statues of himself and his Countess Katherine, cut in white marble, still remains, having been preserved from the dreadful conflagration which destroyed the church in 1694.

His eldest son, *Guy*, died in his father's life-time, at Vendome in France, and was buried under a magnificent tomb of alabaster, before the high altar in the church at that place, and *Thomas*, his second son, succeeded to the possession of his honours and estates. This noble Earl was twenty-four years of age at the death of his illustrious father, and

had been knighted with his elder brother Guy, by the King's own hand. In the twenty-ninth of Edward the Third, he married Margaret, daughter of William Lord Ferrers, and carefully treading in the steps of his predecessor, was, after many other eminent services, by a Parliament held at London for that especial purpose, elected Governor to King Richard the Second, whose father, the valiant Black Prince, died of a consumption June 8, 1376, leaving behind him a character in every respect untarnished, and lamented by the English nation with a sorrow which even time itself could scarcely alleviate!

The young Monarch, only eleven years old when he ascended the throne of his magnanimous grandfather, was soon led astray by mistaken notions of royalty imbibed at this early age, and disdaining all control, assumed the reins of government before he arrived at years of discretion; and scorning the councils of

those superior to him both in years and judgment, he suffered himself to be so guided and imposed upon by his licentious favourites, that his uncle Thomas Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, being both men of haughty minds, and incapable of enduring the overbearing insolence of the youthful Sovereign and his advisers, the abandoned Vere Earl of Oxford, whom he created Marquis of Dublin, and who was the first person ever ennobled with that title, and Michael de la Pole, a merchant's son in London, whom he had also advanced to be Earl of Suffolk and Lord High Chancellor of England; that disdaining to countenance such notorious profligacy, they put themselves in arms against him at Haringly Park near Highgate, and joining their forces, amounting to an army of forty thousand men, they constrained the King to call his Parliament together, to which the offended Barons were specially summon-

ed: but these nobles discovering that a plan had been secretly laid for their assassination, declined attending; and the King in this Parliament, having changed all his state officers, suspended Warwick and Gloucester from their seats at the Privy Council, and all other their high offices of state. Shortly afterwards Richard, who was daily rendering himself more obnoxious to his people, paid the Duke of Gloucester a visit at his seat in Essex, and concealing his real malice, pretended an anxious desire to be reconciled to him; and drawing him away to London on pretence of urgent business, the Duke, unsuspicious of his nephew's treachery, was seized by a company of armed men, who were secretly waiting his arrival, and hurrying him blindfolded to the Thames, they conveyed him on board a vessel ready to carry him to Calais, where immediately upon his arrival, he was cruelly smothered between two feather-beds;

the abandoned Richard not daring to satiate his vengeance by bringing him to an open trial in England.

The Earl of Warwick, after breaking up the forces at Haringly Park, had retired to his seat at Warwick, and occupied himself in building the stately tower, called "Guy's Tower," standing at the north-east corner of the interior court of the castle, which he completed in 1394, the cost of which amounted to three hundred and ninety-five pounds five shillings and two-pence, and the walls of which are ten feet thick; but as dignified in his resentment as the King was inveterate, he took no steps to reinstate himself in his favour, whilst Richard deeply afraid of his power, and harbouring great distrust of the apparent calmness of the Earl, about the time that he instigated the secret murder of his uncle, made some overtures of reconciliation to him. The Earl, ignorant of the Duke's untimely end, listened to

him without reluctance, and being invited to a grand feast given by King Richard in pursuance of his design, he was enticed away from his castle, and being seized as a prisoner, was conveyed to the Isle of Man, where, disdaining to disavow the meeting at Haringly Park, or the purpose for which it was convened, sentence of death was immediately pronounced upon him. But the King, fearful of the consequences of executing such a popular nobleman, and dreading the effects of public resentment for his uncle's murder, changed the sentence into banishment for life, and bestowed his castle and estates upon Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, to whom he also committed the custody of the Countess of Warwick, and her son Richard Beauchamp, as prisoners of state. The Earl of Kent also obtained a grant of the celebrated suit of arras hangings, belonging to the said Earl, and containing the history of the achieve-

ments of the warlike Earl Guy, embroidered or curiously woven therein, and which is still preserved in the state bed-chamber at Warwick Castle, as also of his sword and coat of mail; whereupon the Lady Katherine, eldest sister of the banished Earl, and a nun in the monastery of Wroxall, petitioned the King for their restoration, as the choicest possessions of her family; but it does not appear that her prayer was granted, although she was assigned an annual stipend from the estates of her banished brother.

At this period the government of Richard became odious in the sight of his people, from his total want of discretion, and his arbitrary mode of proceeding, in confiscating the estates of his subjects as his pleasure served, without any regard to propriety; but more particularly upon the occasion of a quarrel which had recently fallen out between the Dukes of Norfolk and Hereford, and

which laid the foundation of the bloody feuds between the Houses of York and Lancaster. The Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry the Fourth, surnamed Bolingbroke, and cousin to Richard the Second, being son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third, having in 1397 publicly accused the Duke of Norfolk before Parliament of sedition, the latter, denying the charge, gave Hereford the lie; and as, notwithstanding the general presumption of his guilt, legal proofs of it were still wanting, it was determined that their difference should be decided by single combat, and the time and place for the meeting was accordingly appointed.

Gosford Green, near Coventry, was the spot chosen for the encounter; and the day being arrived, the King and his Nobles met at Coventry, and the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk impatiently entered the lists. The combat was already

commenced in the presence of the King and his Courtiers, when Richard suddenly stopping it, without assigning any reason for this capricious conduct, ordered the combatants to separate, and each of them respectively to quit the kingdom with all speed.

The Duke of Norfolk he banished for life, but the Duke of Hereford for fourteen years only; thus the former was condemned to perpetual exile without being convicted of any crime, and the latter, a young man of the most promising talents, and universally beloved by his countrymen, sent into banishment without any charge being even thought of against him. *Tel est mon plaisir* seemed to be the only motive for this unaccountable proceeding, which served but to inflame the public mind more than ever against Richard; for the Duke of Norfolk, overwhelmed with despair at the severity of his sentence, died shortly afterwards at Venice of a broken heart, while Hereford, however deeply he

might resent his capricious conduct, prudently resigned himself to his fate, and submitted without opposition to the harsh mandate of his cousin and Sovereign.

Richard, in consideration of his submission, shortened his banishment to ten years, and granted him letters patent ensuring to him the possession of his paternal inheritance, but his father, the Duke of Lancaster, dying shortly after, Richard repented of his fit of generosity, and revoking his letters patent, unjustly appropriated the patrimony of Hereford to his private use. Such a repetition of injuries inflamed the ardent mind of Hereford with a resentment beyond control; he had hitherto subdued his wrath out of respect to his kingly character, but upon this occasion it broke forth with added fury, and he instantly conceived the daring project of punishing the sceptred plunderer, by dragging him at once from the dishonoured throne of his grandfather. No

man could be better qualified for this bold enterprize than the Duke of Hereford. Cool, courageous, and experienced, he had given ample proofs of the determined bravery of his character, and had previously served against the infidels under circumstances of peculiar glory. Stimulated by the recollection of his private injuries, as well as the public discontent, Hereford cautiously raised a considerable party in his favour, which the splendour of his numerous alliances firmly bound to his interest; and, thus prepared, he awaited the favourable moment of Richard's departure from England to quell by his personal appearance an insurrection which had broken out in Ireland, and embarking at Nantes with a retinue of sixty persons, he landed at Ravenspurg in Yorkshire, where he was speedily joined by the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Henry Percy, who, with a vast concourse of other Lords, soon ranged their forces

under his standard. While the interest of Hereford was thus hourly increasing, contrary winds continuing for three weeks without intermission favoured his cause, by preventing the news of his invasion from reaching Ireland, or the smallest intelligence of the general revolt being conveyed to Richard, who, at length receiving the intimation of his misfortune, hastily embarked for England with an army of twenty thousand men, and landing at Milford Haven, he crossed the country to Conway Castle, where the Earl of Worcester, Lord High Steward of his household, disdainfully broke his staff of office in the presence of his anointed Sovereign, and with his followers went over to the banners of the victorious Hereford!

Richard's army, weary of his government, gradually revolted from him, and the deserted Monarch finding himself almost alone in the midst of an enraged people, disgusted with his oppression

and the weakness of his public measures, at length determined to throw himself upon the generosity of his rival, and claim from his pity what he could no longer obtain by the force of his arms. To this end he dispatched a messenger to Hereford to demand a conference, and fix a time for a meeting, which accordingly took place in the neighbourhood of Chester, and to which Hereford came attended by all the forces of his adherents. In this interview Hereford appeared in complete armour, but bareheaded in compliment to the fallen King, who being shortly removed to Chester, the entry of the rival cousins is most characteristically described by the pen of the inimitable Shakespeare.

Richard was removed from Chester to London, and being lodged, on pretence of state, but in reality for better security, in the Tower, he was soon taught to feel the difference between a conqueror and

the vanquished, having been permitted to perform his wearisome journey without a single change of linen, a painful mortification to one of whom it is recorded, that he was so profuse in matters of dress, as to have one coat in his possession valued at thirty thousand marks!

After a series of similar mortifications he was easily prevailed on to sign a deed, by which he entirely relinquished the possession of the crown, as being incompetent to the government of the realm. Upon this resignation Hereford founded his principal claim to the Sovereignty of England, and the wishes of the people being universally in his favour, a charge of thirty-three articles of impeachment was drawn up against King Richard, and that Monarch being solemnly deposed by the general consent of his subjects, September 29, 1399, the Lancasterian dynasty commenced,

and Hereford ascended the throne under the style and title of King Henry the Fourth.

Upon the ceremony of his coronation, which took place on the 13th of October immediately following, to add to the splendours of his inauguration, he instituted, or, according to Ashmole, revived, the most honourable Order of the Bath, for the Sovereign and thirty-six Knights Companions, the insignia of which, as settled by King George the First, 1725, is composed of a collar, badge, and jewel, bearing a triple-crown richly ornamented with the rose, the thistle, and the cinquefoil, and environed with the motto "*Tria juncta in uno.*" This last to be worn upon public festivals pendent from a red riband round the neck.

Immediately after his coronation Henry summoned his first Parliament, which being fully assembled, he solemnly annulled all the acts of the last year in

King Richard's reign; in consequence of which Thomas Earl of Warwick was speedily recalled from banishment, and restored to his full liberty and the possession of his family honours, together with all his estates, the celebrated suit of arras hangings, and all other the goods and chattels of Thomas Earl of Kent, as should be then found in Warwick Castle, for the sole use and benefit of him and his heirs for ever. The Earl of Warwick died about a year after his return, leaving behind him an unequalled reputation for valour, piety, charity, and all other virtues, the princely endowments of a noble mind. He was buried with Margery, his Countess, in the south aisle of St. Mary's Church at Warwick, which he had rebuilt and much beautified in 1394; but their tomb being unfortunately destroyed in the dismal fire of 1694, the brass plates, or representation of their statues, formerly lying upon an altar tomb of marble, were

found amongst the ruins, and with pious care fastened against the wall at the east end of the south aisle, adjoining the Beauchamp Chapel, afterwards founded by his son, where they are still preserved, with a suitable inscription, upon white marble.

Earl Thomas was succeeded by his eldest son *Richard*, whom

> "Three imperial Henrys crown'd with envied honours:
> Mirror fair was he of valour, and of knightly feats
> achiev'd in tilt and tournament;"

and to whom King Richard the Second had stood god-father and given his own name. At the coronation of Henry the Fourth, Earl Richard, then a youth not yet passed his minority, was elected one of the Knights of the Bath, and at the coronation of Queen Jane, the King's second wife, daughter of the King of Navarre, and widow of the celebrated John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, crowned at London January 26, 1403,

he held a grand just for three days in honour of the Queen, proclaiming her beauty against all manner of Knights and comers, and in which, according to report, the youthful Earl behaved most nobly. From these royal sports he was summoned to march against the rebellion which raged in Wales, under the conduct of Owen Glendower, whose banner he took with his own hand during the engagement, and quelled the insurrection of the Percies under the command of Harry Percy, otherwise Hotspur, in the famous battle fought at Shrewsbury July 2, 1403, the gallant Earl being at this period but eighteen years of age. Some time after he was instituted a Knight of the Garter, and departing upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he attended a grand tournament held at Verona in honour of that noble Order, where he obtained great renown for his conquest of Sir Pandolph de Malacet, a most celebrated champion in those days.

of chivalry and romance. He next bent his course to Jerusalem, where he received marks of great respect and distinguished honour; he returned homewards by way of Venice, and was there sumptuously entertained during his stay. He next travelled into Russia, Lithuania, Poland, Prussia, and Westphalia, exhibiting the superiority of his valour in numerous tilts and tournaments held in different parts during his travels, and returning to England was immediately associated with Henry Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, and retained to serve the King as his liege Lord, in all manner of service upon his especial demand, both in peace and in war; the King wisely judging that the bright example of this accomplished Earl might go far to reclaim the Prince from the commission of such youthful follies as at that time marked his conduct.

He was also in such favour with the Prince himself that, upon his accession

to the Crown in 1413, he was appointed Lord High Steward for the solemnity of his coronation, and in the same year went with other noble Peers to treat for the King's marriage with the Princess Catherine of France. He was shortly after appointed Governor of Calais, and on receiving information that the French were raising great forces against that place, he hastened with all speed, and was received there in solemn procession with the greatest honour, but finding the troops destined for another service, he resolved to entertain his Knights and followers with some grand device in chivalry, and for this purpose he proclaimed a tournament to be holden in the neighbourhood, and causing three shields to be made, with a lady painted upon each, he sent them, with suitable letters, to the court of the King of France, where they were received by three valiant Knights of that Monarch, who, accepting the challenge, appointed

a day for their meeting at the tournament by his desire. The day being arrived, and the trumpets being sounded to call the valiant comers to the justs, the Earl, splendidly accoutred, rode into the field, armed at all points *en chevalier*, and mounted upon a fiery steed richly caparisoned with trappings bearing the arms of Tracy, one of his noble ancestors. His face was covered and his vizor down, but the white plume of Warwick waved over his glittering casque, and his shoulders were adorned with a scarf bearing the devices and colours of the lady upon the first shield. On the first day of the justing, the Earl encountered with Sir Gerard d'Herbaume, or, as he was styled by the French King, the "*Chevalier Rouge.*" At the very first course he unhorsed him, and returning to his pavilion with his vizor closed, and utterly unknown, he sent the vanquished Knight a present of a valuable courser,

by way of remuneration for his unexpected defeat.

On the second day of the tilting, he came again into the field, and entered the lists with his vizor still closed. A chaplet of roses girt the brows of his shining helmet, and his white plume of feathers waving gracefully aloft; his horse caparisoned with trappings bearing the arms of Hanslape, another of his noble ancestors, and himself wearing a scarf embroidered with the colours of the second lady. On this day the Earl's antagonist was Sir Hugh de Lancy, or, according to his style, the "*Chevalier Blanc*," whom he attacked most vigorously, and smiting off his vizor, he thrice broke his besagurs, and returning victorious and undiscovered to his pavilion, he sent this Knight also a courser as a recompense for his defeat. On the morrow, being the third and last day of the justs, the Earl rode into the field,

mounted as before upon his prancing steed, but with his vizor open and his face uncovered, his casque gallantly decked with his white plume as the day before, and his chaplet richly begirt with a coronet of orient pearl; his coat of mail adorned with the arms of Guy and Beauchamp quartered gloriously thereon, and his trappings and other accoutrements decked with the arms of Hanslape and Tracy, with other devices, the well known bearings of his high descent. On this day he engaged with Sir Collard Finet, and saying, that as he had in his own person performed the deed of conquest two days before, so by God's grace he would upon the third, and valiantly encountering him, and at every stroke bearing the Knight backwards upon his horse, the Frenchman at last nimbly vaulted from his seat, saying, "He feared that the devil had bound him fast to his saddle bow," but quickly remounting, he was soon

vanquished by the superior skill of his antagonist, and the sports being ended, the Earl rode back in great state to his pavilion, and sending Sir Collard a courser equal in value to those of his companions, he entreated the presence of all three to a magnificent entertainment, with which he was minded to conclude the tournament, and after sumptuously feasting them, and regaling the spectators with all sorts of costly viands, the gallant Earl struck his tents, and bent his way back to Calais with great honour and renown.

From Calais he next departed to be present at the great Council of Constance, held in Germany, attended by the Bishops of Salisbury, Bath, and Hereford, the Abbot of Westminster, the Prior of Worcester, and other spiritual Lords; and in this Council it was first decreed that England should be henceforth dignified with the title of the English Nation. Whilst he remained at

Constance vast report of his fame in deeds of chivalry travelled so widely abroad, that he forthwith received a challenge from a foreign Duke to meet him, maintaining that the lady whom he loved was the fairest in all the world. In this combat the Duke was slain, and upon occasion of this victory the Empress of Germany, wife to the Emperor Sigismund, being present with the ladies of her court, took the Earl's silver badge (the bear) from off the shoulders of one of his Knights, and in token of her high consideration of his merit and extraordinary valour, placed it on her own. The courtly Earl being informed of this flattering compliment, caused another to be made, richly adorned with pearls and other costly jewels, and presenting it with much gallantry to the Empress with his own hands, she received it with great respect, and, placing it on her robe, wore it ever after in honourable remembrance of the noble

donor. The Emperor Sigismund also honoured him with the gift of a sword taken from his own side, and as a signal mark of especial favour, presented him with the heart of St. George, the tutelary Saint of England,* to bring over to this country with him; but the Earl, discovering that the Emperor had an inclination to pay a visit to the Court of the English monarch, returned it to him with many thanks, entreating him to bring it in person to England, that the delivery of it from his own princely hand might enhance the value of his royal gift. In pursuance of this invitation the Emperor, attended by a courtly retinue, came to England in 1416, upon which visit he was installed Knight of the Garter, and being invested with the

* St. George, a soldier-saint of great eminence both in the Eastern and Western Churches, known also by the particular name of *Tropheophorus*, suffered martyrdom at Lyddea in Palestine under the persecution of Dioclesian, A. D. 302. He is supposed to have been interred at Lyddea or Diosprilia.

splendid insignia of the Order, he made a solemn offering of the holy heart upon the altar of St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

Upon the Emperor's passage to England, and his return to his dominions, he was nobly entertained at Calais by the Earl of Warwick, then residing there in his quality of Governor; and his feasting and deportment were altogether so princely, that the Emperor, recounting it to King Henry, declared "that no Christian Prince ever had such another Knight, for wisdom, grace, and manhood; and that if all courtesy were lost, it might be found again in him;" insomuch that ever after, at the special instance of the Emperor, he was usually denominated "the father of courtesie, and flower of chivalry."

In the fifth year of King Henry the Fifth, the Earl accompanied the Duke of Clarence, General of the royal army, into France, where he farther mani-

fested his daring valour by many eminent services; and having taken Dampfront, he was the first man that entered Caen, and triumphantly exclaiming, "A Clarence! a Clarence!" he cut his way through the troops that rallied round him to oppose his entrance; and mounting undauntedly to the ramparts, placed the English standard with his own hand upon the walls!

He afterwards laid siege to many other places, and blocking up the city of Rouen, he next proceeded to Mount St. Michael, which he shortly carried by storm, and won many other strong towns from the enemy. At the siege of Rouen, the Earl's tent was placed between the King's and St. Katherine's, and, the latter being won, he was instantly appointed to the command of Port Marteville. In the May following he went again into France, to treat with the French King, Charles the Sixth, concerning the marriage of the Princess

Catherine with the English Monarch; but the Dauphin, being averse to the match, sent 5000 men at arms under the command of the Earls of Limosin and Vendosme, to oppose his landing. Upon which the Earl speedily gave them battle, and forcing his way through their ranks he came off victorious, having slain one of their commanders with his own hand. Upon this embassy he succeeded so well, that after some time the marriage was agreed upon without more difficulty, and was accordingly solemnized, May 30, 1420. In consequence of this alliance, King Henry was declared heir to the Crown of France, in pursuance of which agreement the English Monarch took up his abode at Paris for some time; where he kept a court far superior in splendour to that of his father-in-law; and upon Whitsunday, 1421, the two Kings, with their royal consorts, dined together in public, wearing the Crowns of England and France

upon their heads, and decorated with every insignia of royalty and magnificence.

The glory of King Henry's conquests were however but of short duration; for in the second year of his marriage he was attacked with a disorder which, from the ignorance of the times and unskilfulness of the physicians, was pronounced mortal; and the magnanimous Prince departing this life August 8, 1422, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, at the very time that the Crown of France devolved to him by the death of his father-in-law, in high consideration of his many noble qualities, he, by his last will and testament, nominated and appointed the heroic Earl of Warwick guardian and governor to his son, Henry of Windsor, until he should attain his sixteenth year; and so conspicuous was he for the integrity and ability with which he discharged this important trust, that, upon the death of the Duke of

Bedford, uncle to the young King, and Regent of France during his minority, who was justly esteemed one of the most accomplished Princes of the age, the Earl was discharged from the heavy charge of the royal education, and unanimously constituted Lieutenant-General of the whole realm of France, and the Duchy of Aquitaine, by right of conquest thereto belonging. Upon his appointment to this vice-regal dignity, the Earl with his Countess Isabel, and their infant son, attended by a numerous retinue of troops and followers, embarked for France; but during their passage such a violent tempest arose at sea, that the Earl, in consideration of their impending danger, caused himself, with his lady and son, to be lashed to the mast, that in case the ship perished, and their bodies were afterwards found, they might be known by their coats of arms, richly emblazoned upon their ap-

parel by a peculiar officer at arms, allowed by a royal grant to this noble Peer, and denominated the Warwick Herald, by which means their rank being known they might be all buried together. The storm however abated, and the seas growing calm, the Earl landed in safety at the place of his destination, and continued in the government of France until his death, which took place in his Castle at Rouen, where he resided as Regent, April 30, 1439. His body was brought over to England according to his desire, and interred before the altar, near his father's tomb, in the choir of St. Mary's church at Warwick; there to remain till the Beauchamp Chapel (built under the direction of his will, as a mausoleum for his noble house) should be ready for its reception; upon the completion of which it was translated to a vault hewn in the solid rock upon which the chapel is

erected, over which the splendid monument erected in memory of him now stands.

Upon the death of this illustrious Earl, his title and estates descended to his son *Henry*, born of his second marriage with Isabel, daughter of Thomas le Despenser, Earl of Gloucester, and widow of his first cousin, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester; a youth of fourteen years of age, and of most extraordinary hopes, as by the early evidence of his heroic qualities is manifested beyond all doubt; for before he had reached his nineteenth year he tendered his services to government for the defence of the Duchy of Aquitaine; in consideration of which, and to give him more encouragement in the prosecution of this expedition, King Henry the Sixth by his charter, bearing date at Dover April 2, 1444, created him Premier Earl of England; and by way of distinction above all other Earls, he

granted to him and his heirs male, his royal permission and authority to wear a golden coronet about his brow, as well in his own royal presence as elsewhere, upon all such great festivals as such ornaments were usually worn; and three days afterwards King Henry, bearing in grateful remembrance the high desert of his illustrious father, advanced him to the farther dignity of *Duke of Warwick*, and granted him precedence in Parliament and all other places, next after the Duke of Norfolk, and *before* the Duke of Buckingham. This unusual grant of precedence to a youth was however borne so resentfully by the Duke of Buckingham towards his Sovereign, that, had not the King in some measure qualified it by an Act of Parliament passed for that especial purpose, much inconvenience and dissatisfaction might have arisen in the state; therefore—"for appeasing the strife and contention moved between these noble Peers-

respecting their pre-eminence," (for thus run the words of the Act,) "it was established and agreed, that from and after December 2, then next ensuing, they should annually take place of each other by turns, viz. one that year, and the other the next, so long as they both should live; but Henry Duke of Warwick, to have the first year's precedence, and he which should happen to be the survivor to take place of the other's eldest heir male, so long as he should live, and from and after his decease the heir male of either to take place of the other, according as he had livery of his lands before him."

After this important business was adjusted, the Duke of Warwick obtained a grant in reversion, from the death of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, of the isles of Jersey, Sark, Erm, and Alderney, at the yearly rent of a rose to be paid annually to the King upon the feast of St. John the Baptist; as also a grant of

the Manor of Bristol, to all which honours he had the superior one added, of being crowned King of the Isle of Wight, by King Henry's own hand. But this noble youth, the last heir male of his illustrious house, and of all the great and valiant Earls his immediate predecessors, was prevented from manifesting the full extent of the abilities of which his early years had given such ample promise; for he unhappily departed this life, at Hanlay Castle in Worcestershire, the place of his birth, June 11, 1445, in the twentieth year of his age, and in the fairest bloom of youthful beauty. He was buried in the Abbey at Tewkesbury, in the middle of the choir; where Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, afterwards married to Lady Ann, daughter of the succeeding Earl of Warwick, and stabbed at the battle of Tewkesbury by Edward the Fourth, and his brother Richard, was afterwards buried at his feet.

The Duke of Warwick, during the life-time of his father, when he was scarcely ten years of age, and then bearing the title of Lord le Despenser in right of his mother, had been wedded to Cicily, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Westmoreland, by which lady he left issue one daughter, *Anne*, born February 1443, who at the age of two years succeeded as heiress to all his titles (except the Ducal one, limited to the male heirs) and estates; and was first entrusted to the care of Queen Margaret, wife of Henry the Sixth, and afterwards to the guardianship of the Duke of Suffolk, by the title of *Anne, Countess of Warwick and le Despenser*. This infant heiress, dying at six years old, was succeeded by her aunt *Anne*, sister to her father, then wife of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, son of Richard Earl of Salisbury and Westmoreland, to whom she was married at nine years of age, and at

the same time and place as her brother Henry, Duke of Warwick, had been married to the Lady Cicily Neville; and in consequence of this double alliance, and in high consideration of his many eminent services to the state, the said *Richard Neville* was, upon July 23, 1451, being about two years after the death of the infant Countess, advanced to the dignity of *Earl of Warwick*, and to all the honours and estates thereto appertaining, which were accordingly confirmed to him and his said wife *Anne*, and their heirs for ever, with all pre-eminence and precedence in anywise used or borne by their ancestors, before the creation of Henry, Duke of Warwick.

Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who for distinction sake is usually denominated by historians "*the stout Earl of Warwick*," might in reality be justly termed so; for in the latter end of the reign of Henry the Sixth, and the suc-

ceeding one of Edward the Fourth, he bore such a distinguished part in the tragic feuds of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and exerted such bold sway over the rulers of the English realm, as to drag more than once the reigning Monarch from his throne!

Bold and independent in all his actions, in the thirtieth year of King Henry the Sixth he took part with the Duke of York against the King, in a variance respecting the Duke of Somerset; in which Queen Margaret espousing Somerset's cause, the dispute was quieted with some difficulty; but shortly after being again revived, an insurrection took place, and the King calling out his forces, they were assailed by the insurgents at St. Alban's, where the Earl of Warwick, suddenly entering through a garden, made the first onset on the royal troops, and took the person of the Sovereign prisoner with his own hand. Some time after this

affair, peace being happily restored, he was appointed Lord Protector of the King's person, and Governor of Calais, a post of honour usually conferred on the heads of the house of Warwick; and shortly after his appointment, viz. in 1457, he came to London in great state to meet King Henry in person, attended by 600 men at arms, all richly apparelled in coats of scarlet cloth, embroidered with ragged staves, the armorial bearing of Morvidus, the second Saxon Earl of Warwick. In the turbulent times of 1460 he was in arms against the King, and led the vanguard of the insurgents' army towards Northampton; where the forces meeting on the 9th of July, a most bloody battle ensued, in which the King was again made prisoner, and many gallant heroes slain. Upon this success of the rebel arms, Queen Margaret and the young Prince of Wales, who had both been present during the battle, fled into Dur-

ham; upon which the Duke of York, hastening out of Ireland, advanced his pretensions to the crown, as being descended maternally from Lionel Duke of Clarence, *third* son of Edward the Third, and elder brother to John of Gaunt, from whom Henry the Sixth was descended, and paternally from Edward Duke of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York, *fifth* son of Edward the Third, by an intermarriage between their heirs. While the important debate of the Duke of York's right to the throne was debating in Parliament, the Queen, with the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, raised an army in the north, and with a force of 18,000 men marched forwards towards England; where the Duke of York, leaving King Henry in the hands of his ally, the Earl of Warwick, hastened to give them battle, with a force consisting of 5000 men only under his command. Flushed with his recent victory, he persevered in his

resolution, though strongly urged to the contrary, and encountering the Queen's army near Wakefield in Yorkshire, the Duke was slain on the spot, the Earl of Salisbury taken prisoner, and the whole of his forces routed with considerable loss. The Earl of Rutland, a child of eleven years of age, the youngest and favourite son of the Duke of York, having followed him to the field from affectionate curiosity, was barbarously stabbed to the heart in the tent of his murdered father, by the ferocious Lord Clifford, whilst actually kneeling at his feet, and stretching out his infant hands for mercy!

The Earl of March, son to the Duke of York, and afterwards Edward the Fourth, being speedily apprized of his father's death, and the savage murder of his innocent brother, hastened out of the Welsh Marches with all the forces he could collect; and meeting some of the royal troops by accident at

Mortimer's Cross, he committed dreadful slaughter upon them in revenge of his father's death. In the mean time, Margaret, elated with their success, and the death of the Duke of York, her dreaded competitor for the crown, marched rapidly towards London; but at St. Alban's she was again crossed in her path by the Earl of Warwick, and an action took place, in which the Queen being successful, the passive Henry was once more recovered from his enemies, and accompanied his warlike consort to the Abbey of St. Alban's for better security.

While they still kept their abode at St. Alban's, the Earl of March advanced towards London with his troops; and the Earl of Warwick, irritated at the loss of the King, rallied his scattered forces, and, joining him at Chipping-Norton, hastened on to London. On Sunday March 2, 1461, the Earl of Warwick, mustering his army in St.

John's Fields, formed them into a ring, and reading aloud the decision of the Parliament in favour of the Duke of York's claim, and awarding the crown to him after Henry's death, he asked whether they would still have King Henry for their Sovereign? and upon the troops loudly shouting "No!" he farther demanded if they would have Edward, Earl of March, eldest son of the deceased Duke, and legal heir to the throne of England for their King? Upon which the multitude rent the air with acclamations in the affirmative; and the Earl of March, who was then lodged in Baynard's Castle, was sent for without delay.

At first he excused himself from accepting the crown, upon the score of his youth and inexperience, being then but in his twentieth year; but the Earl of Warwick insisting upon his eligibility, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of London and

Exeter, joining their persuasions, he at last complied with their wishes; and ascending the throne, of which he was in point of blood the legal heir, he was upon March 4, 1461, proclaimed Sovereign of England, under the title of King Edward the Fourth.

Before his coronation could take place, Henry, flying into the north, raised such a tempest in that quarter, that Edward was compelled to exert his strongest efforts to subdue it; and marching towards Ferry-Bridge, a skirmish took place, which occasioning some loss and alarm amongst his forces, the Earl of Warwick, endeavouring to re-assure the confidence of the troops, slew his own horse with his sword in the presence of the young Monarch, courageously exclaiming, "Let them fly that will fly; for my part, I will tarry with him that will tarry with me!" and so saying, he knelt down upon the ground, and kissed the cross of his sword in confirmation

of his resolution. On the following day was fought the famous battle of Towton-Field, where, after a dreadful fight of ten hours, during which the conquest seemed doubtful on both sides, the Earl of Northumberland, with the Lords Beaumont, Dacres, Grey, and Willes, with many others, being all killed on the plain, the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter fled away in great confusion, leaving the most bloody inland victory that England ever gained, in the hands of King Edward and his exhausted army. On this dreadful day, and the two preceding ones, through the whole of which the contending armies were engaged in desperate fighting, 36,776 persons, of whom numbers were of high rank, lost their lives amidst the slaughter!

Upon the termination of this sanguinary contest Edward marched to York; and entering it unexpectedly, meaning to surprise the enemy within its walls,

all the feelings of his soul were roused into agony by the horrid sight of his father's head erected upon a pole over the city gates, accompanied by those of the noblemen slain with him at the battle of Wakefield. The fury of the young King at the sight of this aggravating object exceeded all description; he burst forth into the most passionate exclamations of vengeance upon its perpetrators; and, commanding the instant decapitation of the Earl of Devonshire, whom he had recently taken prisoner, he erected his head upon the walls in the place of his royal father's. As soon as this cruel sentence was executed, Edward quitted York, and Henry and his Queen fled expeditiously into Scotland; where, leaving the King to the exercise of his devotions, Margaret and her son Prince Edward crossed over to France, to obtain if possible some assistance from that country.

King Edward in the mean time bent

his way back to London, and upon the 28th of June, 1461, was solemnly crowned at Westminster, after a grand procession from the Tower, and the usual pomp of royal inauguration.

At this period the Earl of Warwick was undoubtedly the greatest subject that had ever borne a share in the direction of the English realm. His authority was unbounded, his will was law, and his power the principal support and reliance of the House of York. Comines says, that he might justly be styled King Edward's father as well as friend, for the consequence which he had given him in the eyes of all his people, and for the extraordinary service which he had rendered him, by seating him on the throne of his ancestors, a service for which he afterwards so ungratefully requited him! A cessation of these warlike encounters having at length taken place, and King Henry being, by the power of the Yorkists, safely lodged in his confinement in

the Tower, Edward began to think of matrimony, and of forming some alliance which might strengthen his interests, and secure to his descendants the throne which he had gained. Demanding the advice of his people upon the subject, the Earl of Warwick, after mature deliberation, was sent ambassador to France, to treat for a matrimonial alliance with the French King, and to demand the hand of the Princess Bona for the youthful Sovereign in marriage. This lady, a Princess of the House of Savoy, and sister to the reigning Queen of France, was accounted eminently beautiful, and the fame of her charms and accomplishments having reached the ears of the royal wooer, he furnished Warwick with full powers to settle the preliminaries of the match, and awaited the arrival of his promised bride with the utmost impatience. To divert his anxiety during this interval, he entered with avidity into the sports of the chase, to which he

had ever been passionately attached, and in one of these hunting parties, being suddenly benighted in Whichwood Forest, he found his way to Grafton Manor, the seat of the Duchess of Bedford, and demanded shelter for the night. Elizabeth Woodville, the eldest daughter of this lady by her first marriage, had been married at an early age to Sir John Grey of Grooby, who had unfortunately lost his life in the battle of St. Alban's, and his estates having been confiscated, his young widow, a lady of extraordinary beauty, had been left with her children in embarrassed circumstances, and now seized the favourable moment of her mother's conferring an obligation upon the King, to throw herself at his feet, and solicit the restoration of her forfeited estates. The King, forcibly struck with the charms of the fair petitioner, readily granted all she asked, and delaying his departure upon various pretences, he formed a scheme to repeat his visits to

the sequestered mansion of her mother. Captivated beyond expression with the fascinating manners of the fair Elizabeth, he vainly exerted every persuasion to allure her to his arms; the beautiful widow, however, rejected his offers with disdain, and the Monarch, blind to all consideration but the charms of his present object, began to seek pretences to delay his marriage with the Princess Bona, and thus involved himself in contentions with his Privy Council, who, discovering the cause of his frequent visits to Grafton Manor, unanimously maintained that he was bound in honour to fulfil his engagement to his affianced bride. The Earl of Warwick meanwhile had finally arranged the preliminaries of the Royal marriage, and the preparations at the French court being concluded, he only waited for directions to fix the time of its celebration; when Edward, unable to subdue the stubborn virtue of the fair Elizabeth, turned a deaf ear to the

spirited remonstrances of the Privy Council, and positively refusing to ratify his engagements to a lady whom "Envy could not but call fair," he suddenly broke off the match, and leaving Warwick to extricate himself as well as he was able from the displeasure of the French court, he was married to Elizabeth Grey, at her mother's house at Grafton, May 1, 1464, being the first English Sovereign since the time of the Norman invasion, who had married below the blood royal, or advanced a subject to the dignity of the English throne. The King immediately avowing his marriage, Elizabeth was crowned with great solemnity; and the Earl of Warwick, grievously incensed at him for bringing him into such disgrace at the court of France, hastened to England with all speed, and, venting his wrath in bitter revilings of the uxorious Monarch, retired in great disgust to his seat at Warwick Castle. Edward however, re-

gardless of Warwick's anger, was nevertheless fully aware of the consequence of embroiling himself in an unnecessary war with France, and exerted himself to obviate its effects by securing himself friends, and strengthening his alliance with the other Princes of the Continent. To this end he entered into a particular correspondence with the King of Arragon, and sent over as a present to him twenty-six fine sheep of the Cotswould breed, a gift apparently trifling in its value, but incalculable in its future worth to the Spanish, and highly detrimental as it has since proved to the interests of the English, nation; since, by enriching another country with a superior kind of wool, it has materially injured the native dealer, by diminishing his trade in this valuable article, both of foreign commerce and home consumption.

The King, confining himself exclusively to the society of his beautiful Queen

and her relations, all of whom he advanced to high distinction, creating her father Earl Rivers, her brother Lord Scales, and her son Sir Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, while yet a boy, gave himself but little concern about those whom he had offended; and the displeasure of the Earl of Warwick being accidentally re-kindled, the depth of his resentment began to show itself in his actions, which he gave himself no sort of trouble to conceal; but, summoning his two brothers, George Neville, Archbishop of York, and John Marquis of Montague, to his castle, he informed them of his intention to restore King Henry to his throne, and, urging a variety of reasons for their concurrence in his plan, he soon engaged them in the execution of it. In pursuance of this determination he next gave his consent to a marriage between George Duke of Clarence, second brother to King Edward, and Lady Isabel Neville,

his eldest daughter, which the Duke had long solicited in vain, the Earl having hitherto withheld it from resentment to the ungrateful Edward; and promising to endow his daughter with half her mother's possessions, the royal lover followed his fair mistress to France, where the wedding was accordingly solemnized in great splendour, in our Lady's church at Calais, July 11, 1468, the Lady Isabel being then in the eighteenth year of her age, and, according to tradition, of marvellous beauty. The Duke and his bride, returning to England, were shortly followed by the Earl, who, having thus bound the Duke to his interest, soon got his forces in array, and proclaimed King Edward "an usurper, neither a just Prince to God, nor beneficial to his realm, and consequently unfit to be King." The King's forces meeting with the troops of the Earl, an engagement ensued at Edgcot, near Banbury, during which an

Esquire in the Earl's suit being stationed upon a hill, suddenly displayed his banner blazoned with the Warwick badge and colours, upon which the northern troops shouting "A Warwick! A Warwick!" the Welchmen, struck with a panic at the well-known sight of his white bear, and fearing that the Earl was coming suddenly upon them, speedily betook themselves to flight, leaving their General, the Earl of Pembroke, and his brother, unprotected upon the field, who, valiantly fighting their way through their enemies, were, with ten other gentlemen, taken prisoners, and being carried to Banbury, were there quickly beheaded.

King Edward, being by this time awakened from his dream of love, put himself at the head of his forces, and marched into the midland counties to give battle to the Earl. He pitched his tents at Wolvey, near Atherstone, within a few miles of the enemy, who were

lying in the neighbourhood; but a mediation being entered into between some of the leading characters on both sides, who were anxious to save their country from the horrors of an intestine war, the King listened somewhat too credulously to their overtures, and being surprised in his camp at Wolvey while asleep in the dead of the night, he was taken prisoner and carried to Warwick Castle, from whence he was sent, under a strong guard, to Middleton Castle in Yorkshire, and placed in the custody of Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York. Edward, however, obtaining the Prelate's permission to soften the horrors of his captivity by hunting in his park, found means to escape, and flying to his adherents, again put himself at their head. Warwick, enraged at his escape, speedily rallied his forces; and another general insurrection taking place, Sir Robert Welles, one of his commanders, lost no time in proclaiming King Henry in

every town he marched through, and meeting with Edward's troops in a distant part of Lincolnshire, Sir Robert rashly engaged without waiting for the Earl's arrival, and Edward's party gaining the victory after a dreadful contest, in which Sir Robert was slain, his troops, frantic with grief at the loss of their beloved commander, cast off their coats of mail, and fled from the field in confusion and despair, from which circumstance this battle was ever after denominated by the Yorkists, the "*Battle of Lost Coats.*"

Upon this defeat, the Earl of Warwick and his son-in-law made the best of their way to Calais; but Vauclere, a Gascon, whom the Earl had appointed Deputy-Governor during his absence, thought proper to oppose his entrance into the fort, upon which, changing his route, he landed in Normandy, and meeting with great honour from the French King, who, deeply resenting Edward's breach

of faith to his sister, received him with much respect, he presented himself to Queen Margaret, then resident at the French court, and holding out offers of reconciliation to her, he bound himself by a solemn oath to restore the imprisoned Henry to the possession of the English throne; and twisting the Lancastrian interest more strongly with his own, he gave his youngest daughter, Lady Anne Neville, in marriage to the Prince of Wales.

As soon as this match was completed, the Earl returned to England and landed in the West; and proclaiming King Henry far and near, his powers increased so rapidly, that Edward was obliged to fly his country precipitately, upon which, no farther impediment to it remaining, Warwick marched towards the metropolis, and, triumphantly entering London, released King Henry from his nine years imprisonment in the Tower, and on October 6, 1470, again seated

the venerable Monarch upon his throne. Immediately afterwards the Earl was constituted Lord High Admiral of England, and General of all the King's forces by sea as well as land; and upon the deliverance of the imprisoned Sovereign from his confinement, a grand procession was made from the Tower to the Bishop's Palace, where the King was lodged, and upon the 13th of October following a solemn thanksgiving was appointed at St. Paul's, at which the King in person attended, clad in his royal robes, and wearing his crown upon his head, the Earl of Warwick bearing up his train, and the Earl of Oxford carrying the sword of state in suitable dignity before him.

While Henry was thus resuming his regal functions, a storm was rapidly gathering, fated to darken his short-lived glory; for before a year had elapsed, Edward, having obtained the assistance of the Duke of Burgundy, landed at

Ravenspurg in Yorkshire, with a numerous body of troops, and his force daily increasing, he marched into the interior of the kingdom, where his brother, the Duke of Clarence, suddenly revolted to his standard, and went over to his assistance with four thousand men at arms. Warwick, speedily informed of his son-in-law's defection, drew out his forces for security, upon which the Duke sent to offer to make terms of peace for him with Edward, provided he would submit to his authority, and lay down his arms for King Henry. The haughty Earl, disdaining his proffered mediation, dismissed his messengers with contempt, bidding them tell the Duke "that he had rather be an Earl, and always like himself, than a *perjured Duke;* and that rather than falsify his oath to King Henry, he would lay down his life at the feet of his enemies, but which he nevertheless doubted not would yet cost them very dear." This spirited answer

being communicated to the Duke, Edward moved cautiously towards London, whither Clarence hastening before, won the Archbishop of York over to their interest, who, when the gates of London were opened, entertained Edward at his palace, and delivered the unhappy Henry up a prisoner to Edward.

The Earl of Warwick in the interim marched towards St. Alban's, whither Edward speedily drew out his forces against him, and taking King Henry in his camp with him, the troops at length met upon Gladsmore Heath, near Barnet, where, upon the morning of Easter-day, April 14, 1471, the two armies began the battle. The engagement continued six hours without any apparent advantage being gained by either party, but a heavy mist or darkness coming suddenly over the air, the *stars*, the armorial badge of the Earl of Oxford's followers, Warwick's firm ally, being unfortunately mistaken for the *suns* borne

by the troops of Edward, the Earl of Warwick's battalion let fly such a tremendous shower of arrows upon their friends that, ignorant of the mistake, and believing themselves betrayed, they uttered a general shout of "Treason!" upon which the Earl of Oxford, panic-struck with dismay, fled hastily from the field of battle, followed by eight hundred of his choicest soldiers, and turned the fortune of the day completely in Edward's favour. Warwick, soon discovering the origin of this fatal error, endeavoured to animate the remainder of his troops by his own example, and, courageously rushing into the midst of the engagement, penetrated so far into the thickest of the fight, that all efforts made for his recovery were entirely unavailing, and closely surrounded by legions of Edward's troops, he at length fell covered with innumerable wounds, and valiantly fighting in the very hottest of the battle! His brother the Marquis of Montague,

hastening to his relief, lost his life nearly at the same moment; and both these brave commanders being slain, the disheartened troops soon gave way, while the acclamations of Edward's army joyfully announced a victory over the intrepid Earl of Warwick!

More than ten thousand persons lost their lives in this engagement, most of whom were buried upon the plain where it was fought. A chapel was afterwards built upon the spot, but falling into decay, an obelisk, with a suitable inscription, has since been erected to commemorate the event. Thus ended the warlike career of this illustrious Earl, of whose noble and lofty bearing history speaks in such distinguished terms, and under the dominion of whose power England was six times lost and won by the contending Roses! Comines the historian, being sent to Calais on an embassy by the Duke of Burgundy, to Vauclere, the Earl's Deputy-Governor

in his absence, reports that "the name of Warwick was so popular there, that every man wore his badge, no one esteeming himself gallantly equipped that had not his hat decorated with the Earl's *ragged staff*, nor any door being frequented that had not his *white cross* painted thereon, insomuch that Vauclere himself was wont to wear a jewel in his hat, with a black *ragged staff* richly emblazoned thereupon."

Of his extraordinary munificence and hospitality it is also recorded that, "at his house in London, six oxen were usually eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern so full of his meat, that all who had any acquaintance with the followers of his family might have as much of either sodden or roast as they could conveniently carry away to their homes upon a long dagger." And still farther to increase his greatness, he was, in addition to all other honours conferred upon him for his martial services, allow-

ed the distinguished privilege first granted to Richard Beauchamp, father of his Countess, and the deceased Henry Duke of Warwick, of the service of a peculiar officer at arms, denominated as heretofore the "*Warwick Herald.*" *

After the death of her intrepid consort, the Countess of Warwick was constrained by her misfortunes to take refuge in the sanctuary of the Abbey of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, where she abode for a long time, but was afterwards compelled to seek for safety in the north. Her splendid inheritance, being taken from her by authority of Parliament, was settled upon her two daughters, Isabel, Duchess of Clarence, and Anne, married to Edward Prince of Wales, and secondly to King Richard the Third, the same as if she, their

* Edward the Fourth survived Warwick but twelve years, and dying at Windsor of an ague, April 9, 1483; was buried there. In March 1789, his body was discovered undecayed, the lineaments of his face and dress being nearly perfect.

mother, was actually deceased. Her estates were withheld from her till Henry the Seventh ascended the throne; when, in consideration of her allegiance to Henry the Sixth, they were nominally restored to her, but shortly afterwards reconveyed to the crown, leaving only the reversion of them to the descendants of the royal heiresses.

The Duke of Clarence, having as before stated made his peace with Edward, was upon August 14, 1473, two years after the battle of Barnet, created *Earl of Warwick*; but being subsequently accused of a number of treasonable offences, he was attainted in Parliament and sent a prisoner to the Tower, where he was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine, March 11, 1477, not however, as it is said, without the knowledge and connivance of his brother; this extraordinary death having been chosen by him in preference to others offered to his choice by Edward's

command. He was buried in the Abbey of Tewkesbury, by the side of his Duchess Isabel, who, being poisoned (according to report, by the emissaries of Edward) soon after her lying-in, died at Warwick Castle, December 2, 1476, leaving issue a daughter and two sons, viz. Margaret Plantagenet, born at Farley Castle in Wiltshire, 1473, Edward Plantagenet, born at Warwick Castle, 1474, and Richard Plantagenet, born at Tewkesbury, 1476, poisoned with his mother before he was a year old.

As might naturally be expected from the complexion of the times, these noble orphans experienced but cruel treatment from their royal relations; for after the murder of Edward the Fifth, and his brother the Duke of York, by the instigation of their merciless uncle, Richard the Third, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, their cousin, became in right of his

father, the elder brother of the usurper Richard, the next legal heir to the crown; upon which Richard, afraid of the strong claims of the infant Earl to the throne, committed him as a prisoner to the Castle of Sheriff's Hutton in Yorkshire, where the unfortunate Plantagenet, doubly allied to the crafty tyrant by marriage and consanguinity, lingered in obscurity during the reign of his merciless uncle. Some time after this, a plan having been secretly arranged for the downfall of Richard, and the final settlement of the destructive feuds between the Houses of York and Lancaster, by the union of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth, with Henry Earl of Richmond, the next heir of the Lancastrian line, and his immediate elevation by this double right to the throne, Richard by some untoward accident became aware of the design, and, secretly resolving to frustrate it, immediately pro-

posed himself in marriage to his young niece; her mother however objecting to it on the score of their near relationship, as also on account of his first wife, Queen Anne, being still living, he endeavoured to remove the obstacle to this new alliance with all dispatch. Queen Anne in consequence died a few days afterwards, by his usual remedy, poison; and was magnificently interred at Westminster with great solemnity, bedewed in due form with the crocodile tears of her hypocritical husband. This new murder was no sooner off his hands than he again presented himself to Queen Elizabeth, still resident in the sanctuary at Westminster, where she had taken refuge with her daughter, on the murder of her sons by this sanguinary monster; and, claiming the hand of his niece, the Queen, either won by his persuasion, or terrified by his menaces, forgetful of his bloody massacre of her sons, and her beheaded brothers,

of all the aspersions which he had cast upon her fame, and of the solemn oath which had recently sealed her contract with the Earl of Richmond, at length listened to his protestations of remorse, and yielded her assent to the solemnization of this unnatural marriage. Richard meanwhile, exulting in the success of his designs, used every artifice he was master of to win the approbation of the young Elizabeth; but the Princess disgusted by the catalogue of foul crimes which had dyed the hands of her odious lover, listened to his vows with silent horror, and anxiously awaited the arrival of her affianced husband, the Earl of Richmond, from Brittany.

Richmond, secretly informed of all that passed in England, and alarmed at the weak conduct of the mother of his intended bride, hastily collected his forces for embarkation; and setting sail from Harfleur, he landed at Milford-Haven about the middle of August

1485, from whence he marched to Hereford, where he was speedily joined by a numerous force, with the Earls of Shrewsbury, Pembroke, &c. at their head. Richard, soon informed of the Earl's arrival, took care first to secure the Princess, by sending her a prisoner to Sheriff's Hutton, where her cousin the Earl of Warwick pined away his youth in a solitary confinement; and then hastened to give battle to Richmond, whom he affected to despise for the insignificance of his troops, contemptuously denominating them "thieves, vagabonds, outlaws, traitors, beggarly hen-hearted Frenchmen, with a Welsh boy for their leader, of little courage, and less experience." *

* Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, was son to Edmund Earl of Richmond, (the son of Queen Katherine, widow of Henry the Fifth, and Owen Tudor,) by his wife Margaret, daughter of John Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third marriage with Catherine Swinford, and by this descent was sole remaining heir of the House of Lancaster.

The speedy progress of the Earl of Richmond through the kingdom soon caused Richard, at the head of his forces, to march towards Leicester; to which place Richmond accordingly crossed the country in hopes of meeting him. Upon the march, the Earl passed the night at Litchfield, and, his troops having rested there for a day, quitted it the next morning on their route towards Leicester. Richmond himself purposely loitering till evening, when he departed for Tamworth, but not joining his forces till the next evening, it was given out that he had been benighted, and lost his way. The real cause of his absence however is believed to be as follows.—A few miles distant from Litchfield is Elford, a mansion lately the seat of the Dowager Viscountess Andover, but formerly belonging to the Stanley family, and, at that period the property of Lord Stanley, one of the principal officers of

the household to Richard the Third, but nearly allied in blood to his competitor, the Earl of Richmond. This nobleman being upon the march to Leicester with troops, ostensively mustered for Richard, but which afterwards declared for Richmond, passed this identical night at his family seat at Elford, where it is presumed Richmond was secretly received; and, at this place it may justly be inferred that the fate of England was finally decided; for the Earl, upon rejoining his adherents the next day, honestly confessed that he had purposely deviated from the proper road to meet with some of his friends; and this acknowledgment strongly confirms the supposition that he had passed the night in secret council with the Stanleys, at Elford-House, Lord Stanley not daring openly to declare for Richmond, lest Richard should put his son Lord Strange to death, whom, aware of their relationship to Richmond,

he kept prisoner in his camp as a security for his father's allegiance. At Tamworth, Lord Stanley held another private meeting with the Earl, and, in pursuance of this conference, he marched forward to Atherstone, and from thence to Bosworth, at a small distance from which he posted himself in a situation purposely chosen between both camps, which would enable him to bring his forces, consisting of 7000 horse and foot, to join either party as circumstances required. Richmond, arranging his small army, scarcely amounting to half as many as Richard's, in order of battle upon a large plain near Bosworth, (adjoining to which, upon an eminence called Arme Beam, the Usurper lay encamped,) rode from rank to rank, and from wing to wing, amongst his soldiers, encouraging them to "fight like men in a good cause, hitherto sanctified by the blessing of the Almighty, and to free their country from the dominion of

a monster, a tyrant, and a murderer!" assuring them also that he would stand by them till death, rather than be taken prisoner, and kept alive for reproach; "Advance then, fellow-soldiers!" exclaimed the Earl, "like true Englishmen, in defence of your beloved country, and God and St. George favour us with happy success!" At these words he rushed forward, and followed by his troops commenced the engagement. While the vanguard of the two armies were contending for the victory, Richard, perceiving the Earl of Richmond at a little distance, made furiously towards him, and, with a courage of which he was now to give the last proof, he first attacked the Earl's standard bearer, and lastly Richmond himself, who, notwithstanding the maddened fury of his antagonist, still kept him at his sword's point; till Lord Stanley who was posted at a distance perceiving how matters went, led his troops into the field, and

marching up to the banners of the Earl of Richmond, the troops by a general shout declared their alliance with him, and thus decided for ever the fate of the House of York. Richard, rendered desperate by this mortifying sight, fled about the field like one bereaved of his senses, till, overpowered by numbers, he was at length slain; and his crown, being found amongst the spoils in his tent, was placed upon Richmond's head, who, amidst the acclamations of both armies, was instantly saluted as King upon the field of battle, by the title of Henry the Seventh, to the great joy of all ranks; numbers of Richard's followers, amongst whom were the whole of his rear-guard under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, not having fought a single stroke, or even drawn their swords in his defence during the engagement. This battle took place Aug. 22, 1485, in which above a thousand men were slain on the King's side, but

not more than a hundred upon Richmond's, a convincing proof of the general prejudice in his favour. And thus ended the bloody wars of York and Lancaster, in which were fought twelve pitched battles. In these dreadful feuds between the two Roses, two Kings, one Prince, ten Dukes, two Marquisses, twenty-one Earls, twenty-seven Lords, two Viscounts, one Lord Prior, one Judge, 139 Knights, 441 Esquires, and 84,998 private soldiers were slain, which being added together, it appears that in their contests for the crown, 85,645 men lost their lives!

After the fight was over, the body of King Richard was found amongst the dead, stripped stark naked, and dreadfully mangled and disfigured, being covered all over with dust and blood. The corpse being taken up was thrown across a horse, behind one of his own Pursuivants at Arms, the head hanging over one side of the horse, and the

legs on the other; and in this wretched condition it was conveyed to Leicester, and carried to the Grey Friars' church, where it lay for some time a most loathsome and disgusting spectacle; the Friars, although commanded by Henry to give it honourable interment, neglecting to bury it. Henry afterwards caused a tomb to be erected over his grave, which being destroyed in the dissolution of the monastery by Henry the Eighth, no vestige of the place of his interment, or other memorial of him, is now remaining, except the stone coffin in which his corpse was buried, and which, within the last few years, served as a drinking trough for horses at the White Horse Inn in Leicester, and is probably still preserved as the only relic of this odious Monarch.

Immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and before he removed from Leicester, Henry, fully aware of the strong pretensions of the Earl of War-

wick to the crown, as the last male heir of the Plantagenet line, and consequently the only remaining branch of the House of York, dispatched Sir Robert Willoughby, one of his confidential friends, to the Castle of Sheriff's Hutton, where Richard had kept him confined, with orders to take the Earl, then in his fifteenth year, to London, and deliver him at the Tower, there to be kept in safe custody during the continuance of his pleasure; and, commanding also that the Princess Elizabeth should be conveyed to London in great state, he consigned her to the care of her mother, until the day fixed for the solemnization of their marriage arrived.

Previous to his coronation he instituted a guard of honour to attend him upon all occasions, denominated the yeomen of the King's guard, and which has been continued by the succeeding Monarchs till the present day under the same title. His coronation took

place October 30, 1485, and on January the 18th following, he was married to the Princess Elizabeth, thus rendering his title to the crown more secure.

Unexceptionable however as he now believed it, there were not wanting enemies to endeavour to subvert his right to it; for having inadvertently given some offence to a priest called Richard Simon, he endeavoured to overturn Henry's government, and to involve the kingdom in confusion by the production of an impostor called Lambert Simnel, a youth whom he had instructed to personate the young Duke of York, son of Edward the Fourth, believed to have been murdered in the Tower by Richard the Third; but the scheme not succeeding to his wishes, he next gave it out that he was the Earl of Warwick, who had made his escape from the Tower; and the impostor somewhat resembling the young Earl in age, features, and figure, the story was

rapidly circulated, and received with much belief. The pretended Earl was sent with his tutor over to Ireland, where the Irish, disgusted with some marks of avarice exhibited by Henry, and always strongly inclined to befriend the House of York, readily credited his story, and, taking his part, proclaimed the impostor King of England.

This proceeding somewhat alarming King Henry, he summoned his Council to decide upon proper measures; and, it being resolved to show the real Earl of Warwick to the Londoners, in confirmation of Simnel's imposture, the young Earl was made to ride daily about the streets, and constantly exhibited in the sight of the pitying populace, many of whom, satisfied of his identity, loudly deplored his misfortunes, while others considered it as a measure to delude the people.

Simnel meanwhile was acting his part in Ireland with great applause, and

having very successfully personated Warwick, a strong commotion had been excited by his party, and the counterfeit Warwick having been proclaimed and crowned King of England in Dublin, by the title of Edward the Sixth, it was next resolved that he should be sent over to England with the troops raised in his behalf: but here the farce was intended to end; for it was resolved that Simnel's reign should close with his arrival there, and, as soon as the minds of the people were properly wrought up to it, the real Earl of Warwick should be delivered from the Tower, and crowned King in the room of Henry. The Duchess of Burgundy, sister to Edward the Fourth, and also aunt to the Earl of Warwick by the father's side, being naturally an enemy to the House of Lancaster, readily favoured the deception, although she knew it to be a cheat, and, sending a numerous body of forces to join the

Earl of Lincoln with other adherents to the House of York, Simnel and his retinue at length set sail for England, and landed at Fowdray in Lancashire. King Henry, having notice of their arrival, speedily met them at Stoke, near Newark upon Trent, where the Yorkists being completely routed, the Priest and his pupil were taken prisoners together. Simon was committed to prison and never heard of after; but Simnel being considered as a mere tool in the business, was publicly made to deny being the Earl of Warwick; and, being degraded from his regal honours, he was taken as a menial servant to turn the spit for the cooks in the King's kitchen, but was afterwards made one of the falconers to attend on Henry in his royal sports!

After this insurrection had subsided, things went on quietly till 1492, when the Duchess of Burgundy, who detested the line of Lancaster, excited another

great commotion throughout the kingdom, by means of Perkin Warbeck, a youth believed to be an illegitimate son of Edward the Fourth, whom she had purposely bred up to personate the Duke of York, and to this end she had, at different times, circulated a rumour that this Prince was still in existence, having fortunately escaped being murdered by the sanguinary Richard. This youth, whom she had previously instructed in every particular of his pretended escape, she now openly acknowledged as her nephew and Duke of York, and characteristically denominating him, "The White Rose of England," she sent him over to his pretended dominions, accompanied with a suitable guard of honour clothed in blue and murrey, with the usual badges of the House of York. Warbeck landed in Kent, but not being very cordially received there he went to Ireland, from whence he sailed for Scotland, where he

was received with great respect by the King, who caused him to be styled upon all occasions Duke of York, and gave him in marriage the hand of his cousin, Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Huntley. He next sent him with a numerous army to make good his asserted claim to the English crown; but this undertaking failing, and his resources being exhausted, the fictitious Duke at last submitted to Henry's mercy, and was sent as a prisoner to the Tower, where the Earl of Warwick still remained. From this confinement Warbeck contrived to escape, but being retaken at Sheen, the King was much pressed to rid himself of all farther trouble from him; but Henry, who, possessing a great soul, could not hate those he despised, refused to comply with this desire, and contented himself with ordering his keepers to "set the knave in the stocks," upon which Warbeck was heavily ironed and placed in the stocks, erected upon a

scaffold in the Palace-yard at Westminster, and exposed to the shouts and derision of the jeering multitude. After this he was again sent to the Tower, but a second time contriving his escape, he by some means or other drew the Earl of Warwick into the measure, and thus sanctioned the schemes which Henry had previously meditated for his destruction.

About this time a marriage had been projected between Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry, and the Princess Catherine of Spain; but the Spanish court demurring in their consent to the alliance while there was any chance of this remaining branch of the Plantagenets asserting his claim to the English crown, Henry gladly seized upon the circumstance of his being implicated in Warbeck's escape as a pretext for his proceedings, and causing a sort of nominal charge to be drawn up against him, a commission was ssued to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High

Steward of England, to arraign him for that offence; and the unhappy youth, being persuaded to confess himself guilty, was cruelly betrayed into the hands of those that thirsted for his life, and sentence of death being immediately passed upon him, he was inhumanly beheaded upon Tower Hill, November 28, 1499, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

The better to gloss over this harsh proceeding, the unfortunate Earl was previously attainted in parliament, and his estates being consequently confiscated, all the favour he was allowed was, that his body should be sent to the monastery of Bisham, and granted the privilege of interment with others of his noble ancestors.

This cruel dealing with the last and unoffending heir of the Plantagenet line of Warwick occasioned much spirited animadversion in the English realm, as also many bitter reflections on the measures of King Henry, and may well be

considered to have been in some sort the occasion of drawing down God's vengeance upon his posterity, and it is a recorded fact, that Queen Catherine was so perfectly convinced of the truth of this awful retribution, that when her second husband Henry the Eighth prosecuted his divorce against her, she repeatedly expressed her firm belief "that it was the avenging hand of God that directed all her misfortunes, for that to clear the way to her first marriage with Prince Arthur, the innocent Earl of Warwick had, for that purpose only, been put to an untimely death!"

Margaret, the only sister of the unfortunate Plantagenet, married Sir Richard Pool, Knight, and left issue one daughter and four sons, viz. *Ursula*, married to the Earl of Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham; *Henry* Lord Montague, beheaded by Henry the Eighth; *Reginald*, elected a Cardinal by Pope Julius the Second, the secret favourite of his

cousin, Queen Mary; *Geoffry*, and *Arthur*.

During her widowhood the Lady Pool petitioned Parliament for relief, and, as sister and heir to the Earl of Warwick, prayed the restoration of his estates and dignities. Her petition was but partially granted; the title of *Countess of Salisbury* only being allowed her, that of *Warwick* being adjudged forfeited by the attainder of her brother. She did not, however, long survive to enjoy her rights; for her third son, Sir Geoffry Pool, having given information of a plot to dethrone King Henry, and elevate his brother, Cardinal Pool, to the throne of England, secretly instigated by the friends of the House of York, her eldest son, Lord Montague, with others of the nobility implicated in the design, was beheaded in 1539, and two years afterwards the venerable Countess herself was barbarously seized upon the like pretence of treason, and on May 27, 1541, put to death upon

Tower Hill, being actually dragged to the block by the hair of her head in the sixtieth year of her age!*

From this period the Earldom of Warwick lay dormant till the first year of Edward the Sixth, when, by the favour of the Duke of Somerset, uncle to the young King, who was himself maternally descended from the House of Beauchamp of Hacche, it was revived in the person of *John Dudley*, son of Edmund Dudley, Privy Counsellor to King Henry the Seventh, and beheaded by Henry the Eighth, who having married Elizabeth, sister and sole heiress to John Grey, Viscount Lisle, (descended from and heir to Margaret Countess of Shrewsbury, daughter of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, by his first marriage with Elizabeth daughter of Lord Berkeley,

* Edward Plantagenet bore the arms of France and England quarterly, as they are still preserved in the windows of the Beauchamp Chapel: with him the male line of Plantagenet finally determined, having flourished in great royalty from the reign of Henry the Second, a period of 331 years.

and heiress to Viscount Lisle,) had issue *John*, who in 1547 was created *Viscount Lisle*, and shortly afterwards advanced to the dignity of *Earl of Warwick*.

This nobleman, distinguished by many eminent services to the state, was, in the fifth year of Edward the Sixth, constituted Master of the Household, and Earl Marshal of England, and in the next year advanced to the farther dignity of *Duke of Northumberland;* his fifth and youngest son Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, being also sworn one of the King's six gentlemen in ordinary.

The Duke of Northumberland, though of great power in the administration of the government, was nevertheless of a most malignant and envious disposition; and his son Robert, however otherwise well accomplished, was the legitimate heir of all his father's evil qualities.

The Duke of Somerset, their original benefactor, having some years afterwards

fallen a sacrifice to the ambition of the Dudleys, the Duke of Northumberland, thus arrived at the height of power, became so absolute in the realm, that all the offices of government were entirely at his disposal, and the King's council chosen or changed as it suited his views and pleasure. Towards many of the high nobility who had dared to murmur at his influence, or cast reflections on his conduct respecting the death of the Duke of Somerset,* he bore an inveterate hatred, but always artful enough to conceal his dislike till he could revenge himself with impunity, he was sure to be at last the executioner of his vengeance, and being thus be-

* The Duke of Somerset was beheaded on Tower Hill January 22, 1552. The people were so strongly affected at the death of this amiable nobleman, that many persons at the scaffold dipped handkerchiefs in his blood, in honourable remembrance of him; and it is said that a lady meeting the Duke of Northumberland when he was carried prisoner to the Tower in Queen Mary's reign, shook one of these bloody handkerchiefs in his face, and prayed that the blood of Somerset might be avenged upon Northumberland.

come inferior to none but the Sovereign in honours, and superior to all others in power and authority, his arrogance became so intolerable, that his ambition urged him to grasp even at the possession of the regal dignity. Robert, his youngest son, had been for some time about the King's person, and the health of the young Monarch visibly declining, the haughty hopes of the Dudleys began to unfold themselves by degrees. The Duke had recently formed an alliance with the Duke of Suffolk, descended from Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward the Fourth, by her first marriage, and then lately created Duke of Suffolk, upon whose wife, Mary, sister of Henry the Eighth, and Queen Dowager of France, the crown was entailed after the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, by marrying his fourth son Lord Guildford Dudley to Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Suffolk's daughter; and this lady, gifted with extraordinary talents,

being also cousin to the young King, who was declining under the effects of an indisposition, believed to be occasioned by a lingering poison secretly administered to him through the machinations of the Dudleys, he was easily prevailed on by their persuasions to sign a patent for her succession to the crown upon his decease, to the total exclusion of his two sisters, the Princess Mary, daughter of Queen Catherine, and Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Anna Boleyn.

The consequences of this ambitious procedure, and the subsequent execution of Lady Jane Grey and her youthful consort, are too well known to require recapitulation here, and the Princess Mary ascending the throne upon the death of her brother, July 1553, the power of the Dudleys decreased as rapidly as it had previously been advanced. The Duke himself was speedily attainted in parliament, and beheaded upon Tower Hill,

August 22, 1553; after his execution his body was removed to the Tower Chapel, and buried by the side of the Duke of Somerset, whom he had previously brought to the scaffold by his diabolical manœuvres; the two Dukes, by a singular coincidence, being interred between the two decapitated Queens of Henry the Eighth, Anna Boleyn and Catherine Howard; all four of them beheaded in the space of seventeen years.

The three Dudleys, sons of the Duke of Northumberland, having been attainted and sent prisoners to the Tower with their father, were afterwards pardoned by Queen Mary, but all their honours and estates forfeited to the crown. After the death of Queen Mary they were restored in blood by her successor Queen Elizabeth, and *Ambrose* the eldest son was, in the fourth year of her reign, viz. 1562, created Viscount Lisle and *Earl of Warwick*. He married first, Anne

daughter and co-heiress of William Whorwood, Esq. Attorney General to Henry the Eighth; secondly, Elizabeth, sister and heiress to George Lord Taylsboys; thirdly, Anne, eldest daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, and dying without issue, February 21, 1589, was succeeded by *Robert Dudley*, Earl of Leicester, the infant son of his brother Robert deceased the year before; but this "*Noble Imp*," as he is usually styled, dying by poison July 19, 1589, a few months after his accession to his family honours, the title again became extinct, and continued dormant till the sixteenth year of the succeeding reign, when it was revived in the person of *Robert Lord Rich*, who by James the First was created *Earl of Warwick*, but, as it appears, without the possession of the estates formerly annexed to the title. Warwick Castle, then in a ruinous condition, from having, as it is said, been used as a prison, being previously grant-

ed by James the First to Sir Fulk Greville, by him created Baron Brooke of Beauchamp's Court in Warwickshire, from whom it descended in a direct line to Earl Brooke and Warwick, the present possessor.

Robert Earl of Warwick married Penelope, daughter of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by whom he had issue *Robert* Lord Rich, and *Henry*, a captain in the Guards, and Knight of the Bath, afterwards created Baron Kensington, and Earl of Holland, and who, upon the death of his father and brother, became also *Earl of Warwick;* but dying at Holland House in Holborn, March 24, 1618, was succeeded by his son *Robert, Earl of Warwick* and *Holland*, upon the eldest of whose three sons these honours devolved; but the title becoming extinct in 1759, it was, upon the 27th of November in the same year, conferred upon *Francis Greville*, Earl Brooke, of Beauchamp's Court, thereupon created

Earl of Warwick by his late Majesty King George the Second. His Lordship married, May 16, 1742, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton, by whom he had issue Louisa Augusta, married, April 1770, William Churchill, Esq.; Frances Elizabeth, married, July 1764, Sir Henry Harpur, Bart.; Charlotte Mary, married, August 1762, John Stewart, Earl of Galloway; *George*, Charles Francis, now dead, and Robert Fulke, married to the Dowager Countess of Mansfield.

His Lordship dying July 6, 1773, was succeeded by his eldest son *George* Lord Greville, born September 16, 1746, now Earl Brooke, and thirty-eighth *Earl of Warwick*, Recorder of Warwick, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Warwick, and F. R. S. His Lordship married Georgiana, only daughter of Sir James Peachey, Bart., since created Lord Selsea, by whom he had issue George Lord Brooke, born

March 1772, and died at Winchester May 1786. His Lady dying April 1772, a few days after the birth of her son, his Lordship married secondly, July 9, 1776, Henrietta his present Countess, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq. by Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower, daughter of the late Marquis of Stafford, and widow of John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory. By this lady he has issue *Henry Richard* Lord Brooke, born March 29, 1779, M. P. for Warwick, and Colonel of the Warwick regiment of militia; *Charles Robert*, born April 1780, Lieutenant-Colonel of the thirty-eighth regiment of foot; *Elizabeth*, born in October 1781, died January 1806. *Henry Leveson*, born 1782, died August 1802;* *Harriet*, born 1785, mar-

* The death of the Honourable Henry Leveson Greville, was attended with circumstances so peculiarly affecting, that I cannot omit the relation. This interesting young man died as it appears at the early age of twenty. Actively engaged in the naval service of his country, he had burst a blood-

ried, March 1805, the present Earl of Clonmell; *Caroline, Augusta*, and two younger daughters now living.

vessel whilst on board his ship, then lying at Spithead, and, having been for some time in a precarious state of health, from the dangerous effects of this accident, he obtained leave of absence, and came home to Warwick Castle for the benefit of his native air, and the alleviating tenderness of a mother's cares. For some months after his return he remained in a varying sort of indisposition, sometimes better and sometimes worse, the usual characteristic of decline, but rarely so unwell as to confine himself wholly to his apartment; he was in fact believed to be daily growing better, and his family vainly flattered themselves with the hope of his speedy recovery. Under this impression he had for some time declined the attendance of the servant, who had hitherto sat up during the night in his apartment, and occasionally mingled in the society of his domestic circle.

On the assize Sunday, August 15, 1802, the Judges upon the Midland Circuit passed the day at the Castle, upon a visit to the Countess of Warwick, the Earl being from home. The weather was unusually sultry, and the family desirous of enjoying the cool air of evening, remained in the spacious portico at the entrance, till nearly 10 o'clock, when the visitors departed, and Mr. Greville, as was his custom at that hour, retired for the night. At five o'clock in the morning he was discovered a corpse! having expired, as it is believed, without a struggle, his valet who slept upon a couch at his chamber-door, not having heard a single groan or the slightest noise in his apartment during the night.

"But who can paint the mother, as she stood,
Pierc'd with severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the agony of woe!"

The Countess of Warwick I have occasionally seen in the gay world; but here, upon the spot where her worth may be estimated more justly, I have learned to appreciate the value of her maternal virtues. A mother placed at the head of an illustrious House, who like her has reared a numerous race, of which all the "sons are brave, and all the daughters virtuous," ought, in these days of infidelity and dissipation, to be regarded with sentiments of reverence and respect.

Such however are mine, excited perhaps somewhat more powerfully by the garrulity of my venerable hostess, who, from "rosy morn till dewy eve," would not I believe be "aweary" as she phrases it, of recounting to me anecdotes of this amiable family. To Lady Elizabeth Greville, the eldest daughter of Lord Warwick, who died a few years since in the bloom of youth and beauty, my humble friend as it seems was fondly partial, and even now, when we sometimes talk over the subject of her early death, she never fails to shed tears as she circumstantially recapitulates the funeral splendours of her interment, or expatiates with a sort of mournful pride upon the "grandeur" of the white velvet coffin, in which the remains of her interesting favourite were deposited in the family vault at St. Mary's.

END OF VOL. II.

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